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## Philosophy and Beauty

By S. ALEXANDER, O.M., F.B.A.

*Mr. Alexander, who is honorary Professor of Philosophy in the University of Manchester, broadcast the fourteenth National Lecture on January 2*

BEAUTY is a 'value' and is indeed one of the three values, Beauty, Goodness and Truth, which are commonly spoken of as the supreme or highest values; and I have chosen it for the subject of this lecture, because it raises a burning question of present philosophy. We hear that value is the key to the real nature of things; that reality is to be interpreted in terms of value; and that there are eternal values. One straw on this current of thought is particularly noticeable. Eminent men of science are seeking refuge from the defects of science in the values of beauty and goodness, and they add religion. They are impressed by the artificial character of science, especially of physical science, which takes us away, they say, from direct contact with reality such as sensible experience is commonly supposed to give us, into a world of mathematical symbols; whereas in the values we are in direct contact with reality, and have an experience which is inexpugnable like the experience of ourselves. This cry, seek reality in value, is most natural and reasonable. Are not the values the precious things in the world? Where else should we expect to find the true nature of reality?

Now if there is one thing that distinguishes philosophy from other kinds of inquiry, it is, paradoxical as the assertion may seem, its ruthless adherence to facts, the facts of experience. And when it hears the advice to look for ultimate reality in value, or in the eternal values, it urges, go slowly, do not jump. First find out what value means before you say that the universe is full of value, or that value is what is real in the world, or that in value we are face to face with something not made by us but real

in its own right. Do not use the idea of value as something to conjure with, because it makes so strong an appeal to our emotions. We must ploddingly examine the values and ask what makes them valuable. Beauty is so convenient a starting point in this inquiry, because, complex as it is, it is really easier to understand and analyse than the other great values and may afford a better clue to value in general. But the first thing that strikes us about beauty is its artificiality, that it is man-made as much as science, though in a different way.

### The Beauty of Nature

Ah! but you will say there is the beauty of nature, a palpable quality or character in actual things, of which we have direct experience, whenever we admire a sunset or a thunderstorm or a landscape. Nay! What we see beautiful in nature is always in part our own work. The vast detail of nature herself distracts; we omit the features which jar, and we select those features which harmonise among themselves or with our own mood or emotion or thought. 'We receive', said Coleridge, 'but what we give, and in our life alone does nature live'. Sometimes in seeing nature beautiful we may even import into her what she does not possess. 'Don't you wish you did?' was Turner's well-known remark to someone who said that he could not see in the original what the artist had introduced into his picture. What the artist does so patently the rest of us who are not artists do in a measure when we admire nature. What we see is a landscape without paints, where we have selected from or added to the imperfectly unified mass of colours already there. Were it not so, painters and poets would be anomalous exceptions to the general run



of humankind. As it is, we are all in our degree creators of beauty, we are not merely passive spectators of it. But nature herself has supplied the material structure whose confusion we limit by finding out its beauty. What the artist does for us is to supply for us in the work of art an orderly and unconfused structure which we the spectators are left to appreciate. Accordingly, the artist is not an exception to the common run but merely a specially gifted member of the common run, whose gifts lead him into artistic expression. Just so the saint would be a mystery were not the common run of mankind religious. Thus the key to understanding the beauty of nature is not to be found in nature who, barely by herself, is neither beautiful nor ugly, but in fine art. The beauty of nature needs us, not merely for its apprehension but for its very existence. If we would inquire into beauty we must first look for it as it is in fine art.

### What Does the Artist Do?

Let us then turn to beautiful art, and ask the two questions, what makes it beautiful, and what makes it valuable or its beauty a value. The best way to answer the first of these questions is to ask what the artist does, with the plain answer that he constructs the beautiful work out of materials to which he gives form. For we must observe from the outset that the work of art is always something material, constructed out of material elements. The word 'material' is used in the widest sense, as equivalent to physical. Whatever the artist, he deals with pigments or stone or bronze or wood, or if he is a musician with musical sounds, or if he is a poet with words—that is, spoken sounds which have meaning (not, of course, printed marks on paper which are only notation for words spoken or recalled in image by sight of the words as written); and the meaning of the words, without which the sound of them is not a word, is simply the things for which the words stand or the qualities of the things in virtue of which they are named by the words. This intrinsic possession of meaning by words gives to literature—that is, the fine art of words—a distinctive place in the list of the fine arts intermediate between music or architecture which have no meaning beyond the tones or the materials which they employ, and the arts of painting and sculpture which may represent subjects other than are contained in paints or stone, *e.g.* a scene in nature or the figure of a man. This I shall revert to later. I need now only insist that the work of art is made of physical materials. I know that art is often held to be constructed out of images which the artist translates mechanically into stone or pigments or the like. But apart from questions of metaphysics which do not concern us, I have never been able to make out what these images or thoughts are supposed to be. The image which the artist 'translates' into his material is the image of the work of art itself as expressed in the material form. The image is not complete until it is so elaborated in his mind that it reproduces every feature of the actual work. Take Iachimo's description in 'Cymbeline' of the sleeping Imogen. Shakespeare may have had in his mind an image before he wrote down the words, but it was the image of Imogen as described in the actual words; he could only have got the image complete by imagining also the words of the description. And such an image is the image of the words, with their meanings, which constitute the lovely description.

What the artist does with his materials is to construct out of them something new, which is also material. He is primarily a creative workman. The Greeks called the poet a maker, and other artists they called by the generic name of craftsmen. These designations are at once correct and miss something. The maker of beauty or fine art is always a craftsman, but something more. He must be skilful in handling his materials. Like every craftsman he constructs, but the mere craftsman constructs for a practical purpose, while the artist constructs his work for its own

sake or disinterestedly. The craftsman potter makes a cup to drink out of; the builder a house to live in; the painter craftsman makes a portrait to resemble the original, or to excite emotions in the spectator; the craftsman writer describes a subject so that it may be recognised, as for instance when he reports an event in a newspaper. All these are practical purposes and they are or may be very useful purposes. Not a word in depreciation of craft, for it is the foundation of art. But the artist adds to his craft the desire to produce his work for its own sake, and adds beauty to success. A large part of what we commonly call art is not fine art but is craft, and of course the craftsman may be an artist as well, *e.g.* he may make his cup beautiful. The artist potter aims at making his cup beautiful from the first, using his craft, like Benvenuto Cellini, as a means thereto.

### 'Charging Materials with a Meaning Not their Own'

What is it that the artist adds to make his product disinterested, to create not for a practical purpose but disinterestedly? He adds to his materials a meaning which they do not of themselves possess. To give a summary description, he introduces into the work of art something which is best described under the metaphor of life; he makes his materials, in the form which he gives them in the whole work, live beyond their uses in practice or their own nature. The dead marble lives and breathes, according to the old words of Virgil. The figures of the maidens in Botticelli's Spring, themselves unmoving patches of paint, dance; so do the daffodils in the lines of Wordsworth: 'the waves beside them danced, but they Outdid the sparkling waves in glee'; when the flowers in the song are said to 'paint the meadows with delight', the words take on a strangeness not their own. Or compare with the phrase 'forgo happiness for a time' the words of Hamlet to Horatio: 'Absent thee from felicity awhile'; consider Pascal's words: 'the silence of these infinite spaces terrifies me'—words which gasp; or the famous saying by the same writer in words put into the mouth of Christ: 'Console yourself; you would not seek me, if you had not found me'—where the plain words are suffused with thought and emotion. These examples are taken from representative art where it is easiest to verify the artist's work in charging his materials with a meaning not their own. But, in the non-representative arts, the case is the same. The stones of the beautiful building strain against or support each other, or, to use an example made familiar by the German psychologist Lipps, the pillars seem to spring to meet the architrave of the temple. In music the pattern which the composer gives to the tones adds to them rhythm and suspense and energy and gradation, which do not belong to the tones as such. Examples are endless, and no doubt the difficulties of my generalisation are not few. But I have no time to dwell on them; I have spoken at more length of this and other topics of this lecture in a recent work published by Messrs. Macmillan called *Beauty and other Forms of Value*\*.

### Man Added to Nature

In importing thus into his materials a meaning which they would not have except for his manipulation of them, in lending to them the magic of art, the artist in a manner of speech mixes himself with his materials, imputes to them ideas or thoughts of his own. The work of art is never pure nature, but nature with meaning added from the artist's mind. Art, according to the old phrase, is man added to nature—*homo additus naturæ*. There is nothing mysterious about this admixture of a man himself with his materials. We speak of a well-judged stroke in billiards or cricket. The judgment of the player is mixed with the motion of the ball, but it is expressed in the direction and force of the ball itself. The artist's imputation of himself to his materials is represented by the form which he gives them. And as the materials would not receive this form except for his fashioning mind, so in turn the finished



work would not be beautiful unless the spectator notices those relations of the material which constitute the form of the work. The spectator does over again, only passively, the work done already for him by the artist. Make the extreme and absurd supposition that a block of marble existed by accident of the exact shape of the Hermes of Olympia (the Hermes holding the infant Bacchus on his arm); we should doubtless find it beautiful, but only because we noticed its relations of form.

Thus the artist expresses himself in his work under the form he gives to it. 'Form' does not mean merely shape, though it includes shape. It means, as said, relations of the materials, as in the work, to one another: relations of line and plane and volume in sculpture, relations of line and colour and light and shade of space, and mass and volume and stress in architecture, and so on. These, as any artist would say, are what give art its beauty. From this we can ascend to Mr. Roger Fry's account of beauty as significant form, or shall we say meaningful form, for the form is not accidental but expresses the meaning introduced into the work by the artist? The form being a single meaning, we can verify also the ancient criterion of beauty as unity in the variety of its parts.

But we get a view of beauty more useful for our purposes and for answering our question of what makes beauty valuable, if we look to its origin. We shall then say that beauty or the beautiful is what satisfies our impulse to construction when that impulse is disinterested, and seeks to construct its object for its own sake. A beaver constructs its dam, and a nightingale its song for practical purposes, for housing or for wooing, but man who is more than a craftsman constructs for the mere sake of the product. Beauty is thus that which satisfies the disinterested impulse of construction, construction from material things. This suffices to show two things, first, that beauty is man-made, and second, that its value is derived from the satisfaction it gives to this particular impulse. Do not be deceived by the doctrine that art exists to satisfy the emotions. There is one special emotion (prefigured on a lower level by the busy agitation of the bird engaged in building its nest) which beauty seeks to satisfy, and that is the constructive emotion—or let us now call it the artistic emotion. It may satisfy other emotions incidentally aroused by the subject matter. But this emotion is its special field.

### Relating Beauty to Ordinary Experience

So far our result has been, as I must admit, from a philosophical though not from an æsthetical point of view, meagre. I have tried to show first that the beautiful is a world of reality with an independent status of its own: for the work of art is never a merely material thing, but always implies the presence of a mind to interpret it. It is a new sort of reality within the ordinary natural world. And its beauty lies in its significant or meaningful form which satisfies the disinterested passion for material construction, and its value in its thus satisfying that passion, and I may add, though I have no space to dwell on the qualification, satisfying it in a way acceptable to other men. But the question at once arises, what part does this new reality play in the whole economy of things? How is it related to ordinary experience? For all I have said to the contrary, art might seem to be no more than the bare satisfaction of the impulse to make disinterested constructions out of certain materials, like paints or tones. Even so, I might urge that men are real beings in the world, and their passion for creative construction we may have the faith to believe not meaningless or idle but serious and connected vitally with the world with which we have serious business. But there is more to be said than this. For I have spoken only of art as owing its beauty to its form, and I have neglected its subject matter. This omission I must repair.

### The Subject Matter of Art

For there is no such thing as bare form. The form is the form of certain materials related to each other so as to have significance or meaning. Now, to speak at first somewhat oracularly, the meaning is the subject matter in the shape which that subject assumes when it is completely expressed by the form of the materials of the art. The artist starts with something which excites him—a scene in nature, a woman's face, a thought of his own—and he ends with a work of art, in which, after many changes which it undergoes in his mind as he works, the subject is expressed in paints or stone or music. Every work of art has some subject. But the arts differ. In non-representative arts, in music for instance, or in arabes-

ques in painting, the subject cannot be described except in terms of the formed material itself. It is certain relations of colours and lines, or of tones. In representative art there is a subject outside the material of the art to which the art refers and by which it is described. The portrait is the form in paint of a woman or a landscape. In literature those elements, words, intrinsically have a meaning distinct from their sound; there is always a subject matter, which is not words, to which the words refer.

Now the subject matter enters into the beautiful work only so far as it determines its form. It is not the subject matter as such which determines the beauty of the work. Any subject whatever may be so treated as to be beautiful, provided the artist disposes the material elements used, the lines and colours, etc., so as to make a unity and satisfy the constructive impulse. Hence it is that, as Pater said, all the arts at their highest tend towards the condition of music, for in music there is no subject outside the tones themselves. Hence, too, the test of artistic enjoyment is the ability to dispense with the story told in the picture and appreciate the form itself. Take for instance the picture by Botticelli of Venus rising from the sea. What matters is not that it is a picture of Venus, but that the forms of sea and wind and woman are present in a harmonious combination.

### The Two Standards of Beauty and Greatness

Thus every work of art has some subject, though the subject may be describable only in terms of the materials, as in arabesques or music. So far the subject is a vital element in the work. But the particular subject does not affect the beauty. On the other hand it does affect what I call the greatness of the work. I can explain best by an illustration. Compare two well-known poems, the one Peele's dialogue of Paris and Cœnone with the famous speech of Prospero in 'The Tempest'.

(1) CœNONE: Fair and fair, and twice so fair;  
As fair as any may be;  
The fairest shepherd on our green,  
A love for any lady.

PARIS: Fair and fair, and twice so fair;  
As fair as any may be;  
Thy love is fair for thee alone  
And for no other lady.

(2) PROSPERO: You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
As if you were dismay'd; be cheerful, sir:  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

Now you cannot say that either of these poems is more beautiful than the other. But the Prospero speech is incomparably the greater poem, because its subject is profound, though not strikingly so, but rather as appealing to the universal sense of sublunary transience; while the subject of the other is light as air. Now, these two standards or characters in art, of beauty and greatness, are necessarily mingled and confused in our judgment of art, and a work may be deemed more beautiful because its subject is wider or deeper or subtler, or let us say truer to things than that of an equally artistic work of narrower or shallower or less subtle subject. Another illustration of how the subject matter affects the work of art is suggested to me by Mr. Pearsall Smith's admirable book *On Reading Shakespeare* (Constable). One poet may get inside a character, as Shakespeare does, and make it real flesh and blood, while another may present only a type of man and not an individual. Or again, a great poet like Lucretius, discoursing on the atoms, presents the atoms in their own life, while another may give only the external aspect of natural things though he may present it beautifully.

Now for the bearing of this feature of art upon our problem of how the apparently irresponsible and capricious work of the artist in satisfying himself and us by his constructions is related to the world of things in which we live. It is not only that constructiveness has its part in the world and its results

(Continued on page 13)



# Imperial Rome Reconstructed

By C. M. FRANZERO

I KNOW only of two cities to which one is always glad to return: London and Rome. One returns to London to find in its immensity the freedom of solitude, and to Rome to haunt old places and revive old memories. Indeed, Rome is the only city where even an ardent modernist feels at peace with antiquity. The bone of contention between archaeological fans and iconoclasts has always been that too often the 'glorious ruins' are nothing more than an eyesore. But, as Mussolini once said, Rome cannot be a modern city in the ordinary sense. There are

the historians, when the influence of the Eastern Provinces was prompting the Emperors to promote the rebuilding of Rome on a more magnificent scale, the conservative classes looked disapprovingly upon the gilded statues and the many-coloured marbles which—like the silken garments that displaced the home industry of wool—were most blatant violations of the cherished sumptuary laws.

Yet, Imperial Rome attained a splendour that the Western World had never seen before. The *Notitia Dignitatum*—the geographical catalogue compiled at the beginning of the fourth century, which contains so much interesting information concerning Roman Britain—tells us that at the time of Emperor Constantine there were in Rome 27 public libraries, 8 sports grounds, 11 fora of first importance, 10 major basilicas, 11 thermæ, 19 aqueducts, 2 circuses, 2 amphitheatres, 3 theatres built of stone, 856 bathing establishments, 36 triumphal arches, 290 government warehouses, 1,352 public fountains, 6 principal barracks, 5 circuses for naval performances: the thermæ were so spacious that 62,000 persons could bathe at the same time, and 19 aqueducts brought to the metropolis a continuous flow of 300 million gallons of water! That the total area of the city was not much smaller



Statue of Trajan in the Imperial Road, standing in the middle of the newly discovered markets

memories of which the present generation is but a custodian, and glories that we must constantly renovate and transmit to the future. When, therefore, the new plans for the city of Rome were approved some four years ago, Mussolini ordered that the resurrection of Imperial Rome should be carried out on an unprecedented scale; and the marvellous result is that the city of the Cæsars, which we could but imperfectly evoke out of our literary recollections, reappears now harmoniously blended with the life of the modern town.

It is a well-known fact that Rome, although it reached at a time a population of two million inhabitants, never was a very large city such as the modern metropolis. It was, indeed, a cause of considerable disappointment to Cæsar that Rome could not compare with the grandiosity and splendour of other famous cities, such as Alexandria. While the much older capital of the Ptolemies was the resplendent mirror of an autocratic dynasty, Rome reflected at all times its democratic character, and was always a city built on practical and utilitarian lines. We know that even at that period described as decadent by



Forum of Cæsar, showing the *tabernæ*, or shops

Photograph: Enit-Roma

than present Rome is clearly indicated by the traces of districts and ruins of monuments found all over the Seven Hills. The public and business life of the city revolved, however, around the Capitol and the Palatine, extending north towards the Colosseum. It is in this area that the new excavations have been carried out, with results which may well be proclaimed spectacular, and for which high praise must be given, among others, to Senator Corrado Ricci, Professor A. Munoz and Professor G. Q. Giglioli.





The Area Sacra near the Teatro Argentina, where ruins have been found of several temples of the Republican Period, which were obviously held in such respect by the Romans that they were spared when the neighbourhood was rebuilt under the Emperors

Those who have not revisited Rome during the last three or four years would fail to recognise the once familiar sights. Do you recollect the maze of narrow streets through which, from the foot of the Capitol, you would reach, providing you did not miss your way, the Theatre of Marcellus? The historians told us that under the shadow of the Capitol, extending as far as the bank of the Tiber, there used to be the Forum Olitorium, the Covent Garden of old Rome; and that on this site Cæsar had erected a theatre, which, some years afterwards, Augustus had finished, dedicating it to Marcellus, the husband of his daughter Julia, whom the Emperor had chosen as his successor. The theatre was certainly there; but what a sight it was! The once level floor was buried in the ground; and under the arches of the building a whole range of sordid shops had been allowed to thrive.

Now slums and houses have been pulled down; all the area has been cleared, and the Forum Olitorium appears as an oblong site, traversed longitudinally by a street, which a little higher up runs along the river, connecting the Campus Martius to the port and markets and to the Colosseum. Along the foot of the Capitol there were arcades for the sale of vegetables, whilst on the opposite side stood four temples dedicated to Janus, Juno Sospita, Spes and Pietas; and on the north side of the Forum was the greater and more venerated Temple of Apollo. Cæsar did not leave this site as it was; but, taking advantage of its central position, chose the northern end, where river and hill offered the most suitable spot, and erected the theatre. In the year 24 B.C. Augustus had completed the appearance of this important section of the city, erecting the Porticus dedicated to Octavia.

Some weeks ago the newspapers, apropos of a forcible migration of cats to the new town of Littoria, recalled the once famous cats that used to loiter—or, shall we say, to congregate—in the Forum Trajanum. Those cats were one of the sights of Rome. They really were archæological cats. Whence they came, or what attracted them there, was and will remain a mystery. What could be seen of the Forum was rather disappointing. Some of the columns spurted a stump to the level of the road; others stood dismally stretched on the ground. Pious old ladies used to come every night, throw parcels of food to the cats, and pathetically watch the feeding of the beasts. Beyond the slums that surrounded the derelict Forum, the whiteness of the Fatherland's Altar in the Piazza Venezia glistened in the moonlit night. With a sigh of relief the visitor

would step again on to the adjoining Piazza, and fill his eyes with the magnificence of the Palazzo Venezia, sombre and impressive in its Guelf architecture.

Who, today, standing at the northern end of Piazza Venezia, would recognise the Forum Trajanum of former years and all that part of Rome? The squalid houses have disappeared from around the Forum; the narrow lanes that had no other interest but that of stretching too long the traditions of the ancient Suburra have also gone. From the Piazza Venezia the view now stretches uninterrupted as far as the aloof majesty of the Colosseum; and right and left we see the resurrected Forum Trajanum and its markets, the Forum of Cæsar, and then the Fora of Augustus and Nerva, the Basilica of Massentius, while in the background are the evergreen laurels on the summit of the Palatine.

The excavations have proved most fruitful. In the first place the archæologists have been able to revise their interpretation of the inscription engraved on the pedestal of the lofty column, over the whole of which for nearly 700 feet is sculptured the history of the victories of Trajanus in Dacia. It is now proved conclusively that the Emperor, for the purpose of building his Forum, had excavated and removed a portion of the hill equal to the height of the memorial column itself. Moreover, it has been possible to reconstruct the plan of the two libraries, one Greek and the other Latin, which stood at the sides of the Column; two halls of ample proportions, fronted by a colonnade to which the reader had access by three wide steps flanked by rich Corinthian columns and surmounted by handsome beams. Of the Basilica Ulpia near by, the new plan shows five naves, divided by a double order of columns; and east and west the Basilica was completed by an apse in front of which the colonnade continued in a graceful sweep.

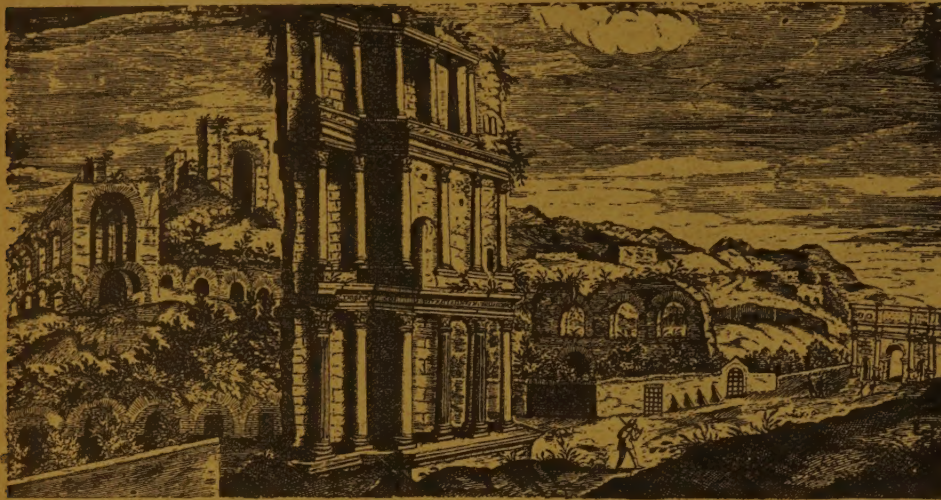
The utilitarian character of the monuments of Rome has been once more proved by the unexpected discoveries made in this site. It was known that east of this vast area and further south of the Fora of Augustus and Nerva was the ill-famed Suburra, a thickly-populated district which had so far been deprived of a shopping centre. Trajan decided to remedy this; and his architect, Apollodorus of Damascus, solved the problem by building the markets over the side of the hill which rose at the back of the Forum. A marvel of architectural skill has now come to light. The markets appear to have been distributed on a semi-circular plan, in the following order: on



the ground floor there were eleven shops, each provided with a window above the door to give light to the room. Two flights of steps at each end of the semicircle take us to the first floor, where twenty-one shops are to be seen, each comprising a front room and a back parlour. Another flight of steps brings us to a balcony or a corridor running all around the semicircle, and to the attic floor and an internal street called *Via Biberatica*, the name being an obvious corruption of *piperataria* or *piperatica* from the spices that were sold in the shops. In the upper part, where this lane runs along the summit of the hill, there are two rows of small shops or *tabernæ*, and on the right is a large hall flanked by twenty-four shops, which was apparently used as an Exchange. It may be surmised that in the hundred and fifty shops of the market the most assorted

ship, two paintings by Timomachus for which the Dictator had paid 70 *talenta*, one of which represented Ajax irate for the loss of his herd and the other Medea torn between the love for her children and a thirst for vengeance. There was also an image of Cleopatra; and later on both Temple and Forum were made even richer in artistic treasures, among which are worthy of mention the statue of Cæsar wearing the *lorica* and his equestrian monument. We have some curious information concerning this monument. We are told that the style of the horse was derived from an equestrian group modelled by Lysippus for Alexander the Great; but Cæsar instructed the sculptor that the forelegs of the animal should be altered to reproduce the legs of his own charger, which—so Suetonius tells us—was an animal of exceptional beauty, with the hoofs of the forelegs shaped like a human hand. It had been born, this horse, in the Dictator's stables; and no one had ever been able to ride it but Cæsar.

Later on, under the Emperors Domitian and Trajan, further works were carried out in the Forum; and the *Basilica Argentaria* was added to it, in which the bankers pursued their businesses. The Forum lasted until the beginning of the fifth century; but after the sack of Rome in the year 410 it was only summarily repaired, and afterwards was left to decay. No remains had ever been found, and it was thought that no historian would ever be given the chance to probe the ground on which



The site where the new Triumphal Road has been laid, as depicted by Du Pérac in 1575 in his *Roman Antiquities*: in the foreground the Septizonium of Septimius Severus, which was demolished by Pope Sixtus V in 1589

goods were sold; vegetables and fruits in the shops that had a limited shelter; more valuable goods in the shops situated under the *ambulacra*. It is very interesting to see how the shops of the *Via Biberatica* are supplied with some kind of basins and fountains, this suggesting that the shops were part of a fishmarket; while another range of shops have sunken floors for the percolation of oils, wines and other liquids that had to be decanted or poured out.

At the end of the Republican period Rome had grown so vast and populated that its only Forum (the so-called Forum Romanum) could no longer cope with the manifold needs of the citizens, the ministering of justice, the political meetings, business and trading, for which this Forum was used in contrast with others, such as the Forum Boarium, which served a definite and specified purpose. Cæsar thought, therefore, of building a new Forum, and decided that it should be placed next to the oldest one. This new Forum was so vast that the expropriation of lands and houses cost over a million *sestertia*, equal today to £360,000. The Forum was ennobled by a superb temple, which Cæsar, during the battle of Pharsalia in the year 48 B.C., had made a vow to dedicate to Venus Genetrix, from whom he was claiming that his House was descended through Æneas. According to Vitruvius, the temple erected by Cæsar to Venus was designed with narrow intercolumnation. In the nave stood a statue of Venus, the handsome work of Arcesilaus, Lucullus' friend—not to be mistaken with the other Arcesilaus of Nassus who had achieved fame as a sculptor several centuries before. Cæsar added many other gems of art to this temple: six coffers of exquisite workman-



The Triumphal Road under construction: in the background the Great Arch of Constantine and the Colosseum

stood many private houses and convents. The eminent archæologist who was given a free hand has had the satisfaction of scoring a point against the historian Appianus of Alexandria, who in the middle of the second century wrote that this Forum never had a commercial character, but was used mainly for judicial purposes. The Forum, instead, appears to be surrounded by shops, many of them first-class shops, but also a good many smallish and narrow, in which only a small trade could have been carried on. Furthermore—and this is certainly very interesting for its recollection of everyday life—all over the pavements of the arcades or *porticus* a great number of inscriptions have been found, showing many amusing children's games, showing that at the end of the day's business the children of the neighbourhood would congregate in the *porticus* for an hour of fun; whilst several inscriptions found over the walls of the Basilica





Forum of Trajan, showing the columns that have been re-erected

Argentaria tell us that at certain hours the halls were used as schoolrooms. And the wide steps have been found which led to the nave of the Temple of Venus; two lateral roads with their pavements; the foundations of the arches erected to Drusus and Germanicus; the remains, adorned with magnificent marble floors, of two halls in which were the statues of the heroes and founders of Rome; the hall in which stood the colossal statue of Augustus; and, lastly, the great *stilobate* of the Temple of Venus, whose slender columns stand now as a gem of graceful beauty.

There are, I know, archaeologists who believe that excavations must be carried out in a manner similar to the style in which some scientists and philosophers amuse themselves to shroud their very superior thoughts: a sort of hermeneutics that are tabu to the uninitiated and cause irritation to the average man. The Roman archaeologists, per-

haps because of their temperament or maybe because their inspiration was keyed to a higher note, proved themselves to be artists as well as historians; and with skilled craftsmanship they have restored, touched up, reconstructed the ancient

monuments, so that today, as far as the finds would allow, these appear to the visitor as an undreamed-of resurrection of the grandeur that was Rome.

Across this marvellous array of ancient glories Mussolini has laid a broad street, and has called it the Imperial Road. At the Colosseum this road joins another, 116 feet wide, which, passing under the shadows of the Palatine, ends symbolically under the great Arch of Constantine—

and this Mussolini has called Triumphal Road. Ambitious names? But we are getting so drowsy in dull talk of utopian delusion, that a nation loves a leader confident enough to lay for it a Triumphal Road. It may, at least, serve as an inspiration.



Forum of Augustus, with remains of the Temple of Mars Ultor





# The Listener

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## Radio Comparisons

THE report which we publish on another page of Professor Ernest Barker's recent lecture at Ashridge College on 'The Constitution of the B.B.C.' is of interest as adding one more to the hitherto rather scanty number of comparative surveys of the merits of the leading broadcasting systems in the world. Constitutions usually make rather dull subjects for study, but in the case of broadcasting experience has shown that there is a close connection between the kind of organisation built up and the kind of programme which is offered to the listener. What is the touchstone by which we should judge of the success of any particular broadcasting system in any one country? To the ordinary man in the street this touchstone is success in entertaining him in his home during his leisure. But this is not a criterion which helps us much to distinguish between different systems, since on the whole entertainment takes the same forms all the world over. Professor Barker finds the touchstone in the effect of broadcasting on culture and politics, and he formulates certain standards—advancement of education and culture, encouragement of free political discussion, and promotion of the sense of citizenship—by which the contribution of broadcasting to the community can be assessed. Judged by these standards, the B.B.C. comes well out of a comparison with France, Germany and the United States.

Naturally, however, everyone who deals with the subject must have some bias in favour of his own country, and it is therefore refreshing to examine 'ourselves as others see us'. An example of what British broadcasting looks like from the other side of the Atlantic is offered by a chapter in Mr. Herman Hettinger's new book, *A Decade of Radio Advertising\**, which is a factual exposition of the American broadcasting system. In discussing the question whether the American public is really satisfied with the broadcast programmes so largely supplied through advertising, the author paints the alternatives, as exemplified in Britain, Canada and the continental countries of Europe, in none too rosy colours. He appears to think that Britain has had a difficulty in enforcing the collection of wireless licences comparable with America's difficulty in enforcing prohibition. He quotes such odd, unsubstantiated 'facts' as that in 1931 there were 400,000 'boot-leg' sets in London alone; he also suggests that British listeners listen a great deal to foreign stations which advertise in English. He then makes a detailed com-

parison between British and American broadcast programmes (based on British programmes selected from a mid-August period) and deduces that in programme balance, variety of choice, and amount of outstanding material, America has no cause to feel inferior. On the subject of controversial broadcasting he makes the definite claim that 'in the United States the greater freedom of debate is allowed over the air'; but the information on which he bases this judgment seems to be some two or three years out of date. It would, in fact, be now difficult to think of any controversial subject which has not received treatment or discussion at some time before the microphone in this country. Mr. Hettinger also claims that 'in the field of practical education in regard to public affairs American broadcasting shows marked superiority', in support of which he adduces the large number of talks relayed from the Geneva Disarmament Conference across the Atlantic.

Since an American observer can derive such an incomplete impression of British broadcasting programmes, it is possible that we in England do not always appreciate the merits of American radio. On both sides of the Atlantic opinions are formed largely on the basis of what is published in books and papers. We know that during the present winter a good deal of debate has been going on in the United States, especially in schools and colleges, on the comparative merits of the British and American systems. It would not be unfair to assume that an undercurrent of criticism exists among American listeners of what they hear. Mr. Hettinger, for instance, himself declares that 'it must be admitted that thus far broadcasters have not made the most intelligent use of the programme material available to them. There has been a lamentable lack of originality in the programme field'. And the *Literary Digest*, which has been taking a kind of straw vote among its readers concerning their radio tastes, lists among their 'major dislikes' some quaint features—including crooners, sob songs, 'trashy, coy, cute, patronising, wise-cracking announcers', rapid-fire talkers, 'thrillers bad for children', and children trying to sing sex songs—which we are happily almost entirely spared over here. What emerges from it all, however, is that both countries can now count on a great deal of reasonable freedom of discussion at the microphone, which is specially valuable at the present time when there is some risk of its loss in other countries.

## Week by Week

THERE is no doubt of the interest which the probable acquisition of the Sinai Codex by the British Museum has created. But it would be amusing to know what precisely was in the minds of the thousands of visitors who have queued up to see it since last Wednesday—clergy, Museum readers, schoolchildren on holiday, casual passers-by. There is certainly nothing very spectacular about the Codex, with its neat columns, four to a page, entirely undecorated. It has nothing of the immediate appeal of, say, such an MS. as the Luttrell Psalter, and indeed perhaps the most remarkable thing that can be said for its looks is the great cleanliness of the parchment—due, no doubt, to the fact that, apart from the 43 pages intercepted by Dr. Tischendorf on their way to the furnace of the monastery of St. Catherine in 1844, which now repose in Leipzig, the sheets were tied up in a bundle together and apparently hardly ever looked at while they remained at Sinai. Undoubtedly all its intriguing history—with the wastepaper basket, and the furnace, and the monk who produced the bulk of the Codex without realising what it was, and the presentation to the Tsar Alexander II, and the possibility of damage under Soviet rule (rather an unfair assumption against a Government that has pursued an energetic policy with regard to its museums and galleries)—has made good 'copy', and the Museum authorities, by arranging a full-dress reception for

\* *A Decade of Radio Advertising*, by Herman S. Hettinger, University of Chicago Press (U.S.A.) and Cambridge University Press (Britain). 13s. 6d.



the Codex, with sound film and all, and a prompt public display have been done wisely in maintaining this interest while subscriptions are being sought. But discounting all these strictly irrelevant details: discounting too, the practical value it has for the Biblical scholar, to whom the original, with its different coloured inks, etc., can tell so much that the photographic facsimile cannot—the fact remains that the value of the Codex is recognised to be almost entirely an immaterial and intangible one. Its chief appeal lies in that it is the second oldest manuscript of the Greek Bible and one of the two primary authorities for the true text of our Bible; that it dates from only three hundred years after the last of the New Testament events; that it is, quite strictly, unique, differing slightly from all other known versions. To Bible scholars the sight of this Codex must be as thrilling, and the purchase as important, as that of a Shakespeare MS. would be to most of us. And certainly the majority of those who visited it, and duly dropped their contributions for its purchase into the box beside it, must have considered that it was well worth the £50,000 that the public is being asked to pay.

The Tate Gallery is to be congratulated on its recent valuable acquisition of pictures bequeathed by Mr. C. Frank Stoop. This, although not a large collection, was one of the most important groups of modern French painting in London, and its possession gives the Tate a position unrivalled by other modern art galleries in Europe. Since the opening of the Modern Foreign Gallery by the King in 1926, there has been an enormously increased interest shown in the Tate by people from all over the world, for not only can they see the works for which the Tate has always been famous—the Turner collection, the Blakes, the Pre-Raphaelites and British contemporary work—but also representative, and in many instances supreme, pictures of the French Impressionists which came to the nation through the bequest of Sir Hugh Lane and through the generosity of Mr. Samuel Courtauld. It was, however, felt that there was a deplorable gap in the works of the great contemporary painters of Paris; but how could this be filled, since the nation does not provide a grant for the purchase of pictures, and what is obtained must be by gift? Mr. Stoop offered a painting by Braque and several works by Gaudier-Brzeska; other gifts were made, and recently the Contemporary Art Society partly gave the nation its first Picasso. Now with Mr. Stoop's bequest the Tate is rich indeed, for his collection consists of three Picassos, a Braque, a Douanier Rousseau, two pictures by Matisse, two Cézannes, four Van Goghs, a Modigliani, a Marie Laurencin, and two works by Degas. These pictures, some of which we reproduce on pages 35-37, are at present hung in Gallery No. 11.

One of the strongest impressions made by the 'Absent Friends' programme that preceded the King's Christmas message was the tremendous debt that broadcasting owes to differences of pronunciation. It was not the narrator's prefatory remarks that set each scene, that established an absolutely real contact between the listener and the speakers in Wales, Glasgow, Birmingham, Lancashire, Belfast, Devon, the Northumbrian lighthouse; it was almost entirely the diversity of voices. The pure high English of those who more often speak Gaelic created the solitude and beauty of a Highland glen, the broad Devon the jollity and rollicking of a West country farmhouse, the Welsh the depths of the coal mine. If all the speakers had spoken the same English—if all, as the unkind might add, had spoken in the accents of Broadcasting House—the programme would have been infinitely duller, and also far less convincing, for with no change of voice to match the change of place, we should only have had the narrator's word for it that we had crossed the Border, or skipped over the Irish Channel; the imagination would not have been stirred. This dependence on a diversity of voices is one more proof that the B.B.C.'s policy can never be, as is so often suggested, the standardisation of spoken English. The pamphlet on Welsh place-names which the Advisory Committee on Spoken English has just passed for the press is further evidence that intelligibility, not rigid conformation to one type, is the Committee's object. Announcers must be prepared to twist their tongues round Rhosllanerchrugog and Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, Pwll and Bwlch; so they are offered a pronunciation which will be intelligible to listeners in both England and Wales. But this does not mean that the recommended pronunciation is to be considered the only correct one; and so, side by side with the version for English

speakers, is the pure Welsh version for Welsh speakers. Further problems of pronunciation have been produced by Empire broadcasting: in the current issue of the *Radio Times* Professor Lloyd James cites the example, which has given the Committee some thought, of the island of Labuan, which 'to most of us is nothing more than a name, and has usually been pronounced as "Láb-you-án". But suddenly the question is raised as to what is the "correct" pronunciation of this name. If the "correct" pronunciation is the one that is most current in this country, then "Láb-you-án" stands; but if people in Labuan and Malaya, hearing this pronunciation broadcast on the short-wave, say that the English version is "incorrect", who is to decide? If the island is usually called "Lab-óó-án" by those most qualified to talk about it, then "Lab-óó-án" it must be for Empire broadcasting purposes'. Here again local speech takes precedence of an academic eye-pronunciation based on spelling, and the B.B.C. comes down once more in favour of local usage *v.* standardised 'correctness'.

In the education of the future, Dr. Norwood has said, there is unlikely to be 'room or time' for Latin. Particularly for boys whose education will not be continued beyond the age of 16½, more appropriate studies must be found. The Consultative Committee of the Board of Education is at present considering this problem. Its difficulties are great for if Latin is abolished, what are the appropriate studies that should take its place? Dr. Norwood advocates more literature. Yet of all subjects literature is the most difficult to teach and for many people school study of a literary masterpiece spoils a mature enjoyment of it. 'More science and mathematics', some will say. Yet in science there lies a danger. 'Mark all mathematical heads', said Roger Ascham, 'which be wholly and only bent on those sciences, how solitary they be themselves, how unapt to serve in the world'. At the recent Headmasters' Conference it was decided that, as educational matter, science ought to be brought into closer touch with life. The Headmaster of Oundle advocated more experimental science to instil more precision and accuracy. In practice this would mean the teaching of more 'applied' and less 'pure' science. But the majority of reformers envisage more time for the study of contemporary problems, more economics, more politics, more commercial history. It is clear that if Latin is abandoned a danger lies in the very freedom thus created. Education may waste its strength on 'a little of everything'. This danger has been perceived by the Headmaster of Marlborough: 'The well balanced curriculum for boys of average ability is in danger of missing the most essential aims of intellectual education, which are the sense of one's own ignorance and the courage to face the arduous task of knowing something well'. In the effort to know something well the mind acquires 'the power to think accurately and to weigh evidence'. And that power, not the knowledge achieved, is the important thing. If Latin is to go, then some other educational task, as exacting in its discipline, must be found instead.

A number of important changes in the layout of its presentation of the broadcast programme are announced by *The Radio Times*, which has recently celebrated its tenth anniversary. The new layout of the programme pages, which comes into operation with the issue of January 5, brings to an end the production of two separate editions of the paper, one circulating in the north and the other in the south. Henceforth only one edition of the paper will be published which will contain the full programmes for Great Britain and Northern Ireland. In future the National programme will be shown under a single heading, thereby avoiding confusion between, for instance, the Daventry National programme and the National programme (London Region). During the midday and early afternoon period, when most of the regions are transmitting the same programme, that programme will be shown under a single heading. This and the other changes should have the effect of reducing the amount of cross-reference between pages required by the listener to a minimum, thus allowing more space for the regions' programmes during the remainder of the day. Another consequence of the change will be the extension of the feature entitled 'Picked from the Programmes', which shows the most important items of the weeks' programmes in summary and accessible form. Many suggestions on point of detail have been received from readers of *The Radio Times*, and these have been incorporated as far as is practicable.



# The Constitution of the B.B.C.

By Professor ERNEST BARKER

An address delivered at a week-end course on 'Broadcasting and Public Opinion' at the Bonar Law College in December, 1933

THE question from which we may start is this: What is the relation of the modern State to communications other than physical communications of transport—in other words, to what we may call mental communications? It will have sovereignty over postal communications, and it will also have the direct operation thereof. (Here we may note the Postage Act of 1657, which made the operation of postal communications a government monopoly, because, according to the preamble, this was 'the best means to discover and prevent any dangerous and wicked designs against the Commonwealth, by inspection of correspondence'.) It will have sovereignty over communications other than postal—i.e., telegraphy, telephony, wireless telephony and broadcasting—but it may control the operation of these communications in any one of three ways: (i) directly, by itself, as it does with postal communications, and it will then operate them through the Post Office; (ii) indirectly, through a public concern or public utility form of organisation constituted and in some measure controlled by itself; (iii) indirectly, through private commercial companies licensed by itself, but otherwise free to determine policy and make profits. Our concern is with broadcasting, which we may define as that form of wireless telephony which does not consist in the sending of a message from an individual to an individual, but in the sending of messages, whether intended for information, or for instruction, or for entertainment, from a group of transmitters to a general body of listeners. The question which then arises is this: What is the group which should ideally send, to a general body of listeners, messages intended for these three purposes, in the best interests of the whole community?

If the group is the Government of the State, acting through its postal department, or some other department such as a ministry of propaganda, the body of listeners will only receive what the Government thinks it politically important that they should. If, at the other extreme, the group is one or more licensed private commercial companies, the body or bodies of listeners (for there may be several bodies of listeners if there are several such companies) will only receive what the transmitting company or companies think it commercially profitable that they should. If, as a half-way house, the group of transmitters is a single public concern—State-constituted, and yet left with a large independence; endowed with adequate funds by the State through permission to receive a fee from each member of the body of listeners, but otherwise free from any considerations of profit—broadcasting may escape both the tyranny of the politically important and the tyranny of the commercially profitable; and become a public service faithfully rendered to the general body of listeners.

## Policy of the Half-way House.

The B.B.C. is based on the policy of the half-way house. His Majesty, on the ground that 'broadcasting had shown itself of great value as a means of education and entertainment', and for the purpose that it should be 'developed to the best advantage and in the national interest', gave a Royal Charter in 1927 to a Corporation composed of five Governors, with a Director-General named in the charter as chief executive officer, empowering them to conduct a public utility service by means of wireless telephony, and for that purpose to acquire a licence from the Postmaster-General defining the conditions on which such service should be conducted. The result is a public utility Corporation, established in the first instance for ten years (1927-1937), with a monopoly of broadcasting, and endowed with funds provided by Parliament in the shape of percentages on the licence-fees paid by listeners. This Corporation is bound, by the terms of its charter, to act in the national interest. In doing so, it is on the one hand subject to a responsibility both to Parliament, which provides its funds, and to the Government (more especially the P.M.G.), which gives it its licence: it is, on the other hand, free to act within the terms of its charter, for the objects, specified therein.

In the first place, the Royal Charter is for a period of ten years.

In that sense the Corporation is on probation; and it is subject to review by the Government, acting on behalf of the Crown, at the end of that period. In the second place, the Corporation receives its income from funds granted by Parliament. Its action is therefore subject to discussion in Parliament, as the authority granting its income. Such discussion in Parliament, or the purport of such discussion, may affect the action and policy of the B.B.C. On the other hand, Parliament does not regulate its action or policy. It confines itself to discussion, as the general grand inquest of the nation, concerned, as such, to assure itself that the B.B.C. is really using its funds in the national interest. In the third place, under the charter itself, the written consent of the P.M.G. is necessary for any negotiations of the B.B.C. with a Dominion or Foreign Government for the purpose of gaining concessions. Further, under the licence from the P.M.G., the B.B.C. is bound to broadcast at any time, on the request of any Department of Government, any matter which such Department requires to be broadcast: it is also bound to refrain at any time from broadcasting any matter which the P.M.G. may require it not to broadcast; and finally, if the P.M.G. thinks that an emergency has arisen, he may take over the stations of the B.B.C. for control by the Government.

## Autonomy of the Corporation

Subject to discussion in Parliament, and to the reserved powers of government just mentioned, which are reserved *ex abundanti cautela* rather than actually exercised, the B.B.C. is autonomous, and determines freely its policy of information, education and entertainment in the national interests. There is no Government Press Bureau to censor the news it broadcasts. The Board of Education has no voice in its educational policy. It has its own advisory committees—one for Adult and General Education, and one for Schools—to act as consultative bodies in its educational work. It determines its own policy in regard to political broadcasting by parties and politicians. It equally determines its own policy in regard to the use of broadcasting for religious purposes. In treating of the autonomy of the Corporation I have regarded the B.B.C. as a single and undivided body. So, legally, it is. But we must remember that the B.B.C. includes not only the body of Governors, as the legal members or corporators of the legal Corporation, but also a great executive staff, acting under the Director-General as chief executive officer. Legally, the corporation of Governors is the employer and controller of the executive staff. Actually, so far as I know, the Governors have encouraged the executive staff and its Director-General to undertake responsibility, and to develop, subject to their control, the lines of general policy. If the Corporation is left largely autonomous by Parliament and Government, it has also itself given a large area of responsibility to its own executive staff.

Such, in its main outlines, is the constitution of the B.B.C. In dealing with any constitution, we have not only to consider the form, and the position *de jure*, but also the actual working, and the position *de facto*. Has the B.B.C., in its actual working, fulfilled the terms of its charter in advancing the cause of education and entertainment in the national interest? To one observer, it would seem that it has done and is doing two great things. First, it has advanced the cause of national culture, e.g., by the standard of music it has set, by the opera it has broadcast, by the quality of its theatrical entertainment and experiment, and by the nature of its talks on books and literature. Secondly, it has lifted the standard of national discussion—a matter of vital importance, and the very basis of democracy—by giving a platform to different views in politics and economics.

Perhaps it has done more for national culture than for national discussion. The very fact that it is a single centralised monopoly for all Great Britain means that there is less access to the microphone for discussion by all and sundry than there is in a country like the U.S.A., where different broadcasting companies will give or sell such access to all sorts of causes and views. A single national organisation, under responsibility to



Parliament, has to exercise a necessary caution. But it is safe to say that there has been caution, rather than repression. To the best of its power, under the conditions by which it is bound, the B.B.C. has kept open house for the expression of different social, economic, political and religious views. But a comparison of different systems will often elucidate best the nature of the particular system we want to understand. We may turn therefore to a consideration of the systems of broadcasting adopted in three other countries—the U.S.A., France and Germany:

### System of Broadcasting in U.S.A.

In the U.S.A. the State leaves broadcasting to private commercial companies. It only enters in one respect. Its Federal Radio Commission gives licences to broadcasting companies, and transmitters generally, to operate their stations. The conditions on which the licence is given are almost entirely technical; apart from such technical conditions, the Commission only requires, first, that no obscenity is broadcast, and second, that when access to the microphone is given to the speaker of one political party it must also be given to speakers of others. Under these conditions the operation of broadcasting is mainly in the hands of two 'chains', as they are called—the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System. So far as I know, the main creative force behind both is the interest of the wireless trade, which makes and sells wireless sets—though I believe that it was the entertainment industry which started the Columbia System. Each chain has some eighty or more associated stations—'associated', as we shall see, in the sense that they have considerable independence, so that not only are there two independent bodies, but each of these is composed of units largely independent. But in addition to the two chains and their associated stations, there are also some four hundred or five hundred independent stations, some of them educational, but most of them, like the two chains, commercial.

How do the two chains work? Each of them makes its revenue by selling time—broadcasting time—to the would-be advertiser. There are no fees from listeners; there are simply payments by advertisers. The advertiser who has bought time then produces what is called a 'sponsored programme'—a programme of entertainment or instruction for listeners, announced as sponsored by him, and calculated by its attraction to enlist the favour of the public for his wares. Each advertiser chooses the programme he sponsors, with the aid of the chain from which

he buys time, or with the aid of his own advisor; but the chain may refuse, of course, to accept such a programme, if for any reason it does not wish to sell its time to the sponsor. The chains may also have some general policy in regard to giving or withholding broadcasting time: e.g., the Columbia Broadcasting System refuses to accept sponsored programmes in connection with the advertisement of spirits, though it may accept them in connection with the advertisement of wines. But the activity of the chains does not end with sponsored programmes which they simply accept and broadcast. They also construct their own 'sustaining programmes', to form as it were the vertebrae or the nucleus of their general work. They may thus invite any

speaker likely to command general attention, or any person able to offer any material of information or instruction or entertainment likely to command the steady attention of listeners. The better, for this purpose, their sustaining programmes become, the better will be the position of the chains for bargaining favourably with the advertiser who wishes to have his sponsored programme broadcast. They can say that, in virtue of their sustaining programmes, they have a large and steady body of listeners; and they can charge the advertiser accordingly.

Though the chains have thus a commercial basis, and though there is thus no guarantee of their rendering a national service, their method has some advantages. In the first place, there is local elasticity and adaptation. The local stations associated with the two chains have their own independence; they not only broadcast the sponsored programmes of the chains, in return for a share in the profits, and the sustaining programmes of the chains, in consideration of a payment for their use; they may also broadcast their own local pro-

grammes, both sponsored and sustaining. In the second place, the companies keep, as it were, an open shop; they can sell broadcasting time to all would-be buyers. Now the political parties are willing and anxious to buy; and various causes or movements are also willing and anxious to buy. The result is a general dissemination of different points of view. American broadcasting, even on a commercial basis, or perhaps because of its commercial basis, does good service as a forum of political and social discussion.\* It may be said to do more to promote discussion and civic interest than it does to promote national culture. It is not only that the chains sell time to parties and causes: it is also that they make a present of time, in their sustaining programmes, to speakers and points of view which they think will command attention. The absence of monopoly, and of any public control, except that exercised



\* But it is said that the chains and their associated stations may combine to 'boost' or to ban a particular policy (more especially in matters of economics)



by the Federal Radio Commission in the ways already mentioned, fosters a freedom of public utterance over the wireless, on politics and all public issues; for example, we may cite the admirable talks on foreign relations and international affairs, which are generally given in the sustaining programmes, though they may also be included by a shrewd advertiser in a sponsored programme.

There is a further thing to be mentioned. The chains and their associated stations are not the whole of American broadcasting, though they are the greatest factor in it. As we have mentioned, there are also some 400 or 500 independent stations—all adding to local elasticity and adaptation, and all anxious to add their quota to the forum of public discussion. They are mainly commercial, as we have said; but some of them are educational. Universities may run transmitting stations, and seek to do educational work, though the absence of special funds will necessarily limit the scope and the area of their work. Again, a movement may have a transmitting station, and seek to broadcast its views and principles. Generally, however, the educational work done by these independent stations is sporadic, and attains no great dimensions.

Perhaps it may generally be said—alike in regard to the chains and their associated stations, and in regard to independent stations—that while they satisfy public curiosity and arouse public interest by providing for the public discussion of current interests, domestic and foreign, they do not provide as high a standard of entertainment on the æsthetic side of life, or furnish as rich a substance for general education, as the British method does. There are, indeed, two national committees which seek to promote the cause of education by means of the radio, and attempt to secure a larger place for education in broadcasting programmes; but it is stated that neither of the two has achieved any great results. Meanwhile both of the chains are always ready to open their sustaining programmes to educational schemes, if they can be satisfied that such schemes are 'good business' in the sense of gaining and retaining the attention of listeners.

### Broadcasting in France

In France there is a mixture of elements, some analogous to England and some to America, with a tendency towards development more upon English lines. Hitherto the elements mixed have been two extremes—first, direct Government operation of broadcasting through the P.O. (just as, in the Irish Free State, there is a broadcasting branch of the P.O.); secondly, operation, at the same time, by private commercial companies. The question has naturally arisen—which of the two lions confined in one cage should devour the other? The odds are naturally on the State. But the State has been handicapped in two ways. The first way is financial. The State has had to carry the expense of broadcasting on the budget, as there were no licence fees paid by owners of sets; and this has prevented it from doing very much. The second way is political. To prepare and to pass a law for the general regulation of broadcasting has proved a long and complicated task—a task, as the French say, 'of long breath'; and though successive Governments have approached the task for some years back, the short-lived French cabinets have found it difficult to get enough breath to finish a long piece of work. But a settlement is now in sight, in favour of the State. Before explaining its nature, we must consider the character of the private companies in France.

As in the U.S.A., the impelling force which has created companies has been the commercial interest of makers and sellers of wireless sets. The French Radio-Electric Company founded a broadcasting company to operate Radiò Paris. Radio Paris, like the American companies, then proceeded to earn an income by selling time to advertisers. It does not seem to have been a great success financially; and it has now been bought out by the French Government. Radio Paris was the most important private station; but there are also other commercial stations, and, in particular, there is the Poste Parisien, which was started by a Parisian newspaper. Meanwhile, the Government has passed, in the course of the present year, a law instituting a licence fee for the possession of a wireless set—50 francs if used in a private house, and more if used in a café. On this basis, whatever happens to the surviving commercial companies, we may expect a large development of broadcasting through the P.O.—unless France, like Belgium and Norway, should adopt the British public utility form of organisation. At present all that can be said is that France, after mixing the two extremes of direct State operation and operation by private companies, is swinging towards the former of these methods.

### The German System

In Germany, radio, like everything else, has been revolutionised, and revolutionised by way of 'assimilation' to the new regime—by way of what is called *Gleichschaltung*.

The old system, so far as I know, was, to some extent, of an American type, first in being a matter of commercial companies, and secondly in leaving room for a large amount of local independence (though the bulk of the shares were not in private hands, and a maximum rate of interest was fixed). There were regional broadcasting companies, privately owned; and the

directors of each of these companies, catering for their region, kept a good deal of freedom of action. At the centre there was the Reich Radio Company, a company with such financial, technical and administrative control as its position as a holding company enabled it to exercise. It desired centralisation, but it could not achieve it, because the regional companies were too much entrenched in their regionalism. Behind the Reich Radio Company, the ultimate technical control and the transmitter operation were in the hands of the P.O. and its broadcasting Commissioner. The Government of the Reich also exercised some general but indirect control by its nominees on the boards of the various companies.

### New Form of Organisation in Germany

The change began about July, 1932, with the von Papen Government. Without describing its phases, we may speak first of its aims, and then of its results so far as they are at present visible. The aims may be said to be three: first, to turn the commercial companies into systems of public ownership; second, to turn local or regional independence into strict centralisation under the Reich Radio Company; third, to turn the limited measure of general but indirect control by Government, through its nominees on the boards of companies, into an unlimited measure of general and direct control by Government, acting through its Ministry of Propaganda. From the aims we may now turn to the results achieved. Externally, many of the factors of the past still remain—the various regional companies much as before, the Reich Radio Company, as before; the ultimate technical control and transmitter operation by the P.O., as before. But a clean sweep has been made of private shareholders, of company directors, and even, to a great extent, of administrative staffs; and on the old factors, in this swept and garnished condition, a new form of organisation and a new policy of action have been superimposed.

First, at the top, there is the broadcasting section of the Ministry of Propaganda, with its head, Herr Horst Dressler-Andress, acting under the Minister, Dr. Goebbels. Next, responsible to the Ministry of Propaganda, but otherwise supreme, there is the General Director, the superman of German broadcasting, Herr Hadomowsky, appointed this midsummer. To him the chief officers of the regional companies are now entirely subordinate: they stand to him as the Statthalter in a German *Land* or province now stands to the Chancellor of Germany. Thirdly, on the 'corporative' principle dear to contemporary Germany and Italy—the principle that all persons sharing a common interest shall be formed into a corporation by the action of the State, and under the ægis of the State—there was created in midsummer of this year a Chamber of Broadcasting, uniting broadcasters, the wireless industry, the wireless trade in sets, the wireless press, and the organised community of listeners. This is a body which is called, by those who know about such things, by the name of the Unit. The Unit is the general organ of broadcasting propaganda, acting under the Minister of Propaganda. Its function includes the creation of advisory centres for listeners in each urban and rural district—centres which will be in touch both with the local political organisation and the local broadcasting company; centres designed to gain new listeners as well as to advise the old. Over and above this, the function of the Unit is also to put a set into every house (though the licence fee is still twenty-four marks a year), and, in addition, to have propaganda motor vehicles with loudspeakers in every region. Such is the general organisation; and now we may turn to its policy of action.

According to the General Director, broadcasting is to be 'a sharp and reliable weapon for the Government' and 'the chief instrument of political propaganda'. 'It is to create so broad a basis for National Socialism among the people that one day the entire nation will be drenched through and through with our philosophy'. In a word, the policy behind German broadcasting has become that of propaganda in favour of the idea of racial purity on which the State is now based—the idea of the Nordic-Germanic *Volk* with its Nordic-Germanic music, drama, literature, life. From this point of view we can understand that after the first spate of purely political propaganda, while the Nazi Government was getting into power in the first quarter of the present year, the emphasis of broadcasting policy has turned to entertainment. There is no need (except on the occasion of an election) for direct political propaganda: there is no need of political discussion, because there is no room for divergent political views: there remains the policy of providing all Germans with the entertainment and the delight of hearing the artistic and intellectual achievements of the German blood in its 'Aryan' purity.

### General Conclusions

We have thus studied comparatively, in the four great examples of Great Britain, the U.S.A., France and Germany, the various forms of the constitution of broadcasting. Germany, we have seen, is using the State as the final organ of all broadcasting. The U.S.A. is using a number of private commercial companies. France has a mixture of the State and of private com-



mercial companies. England has a single public corporation for all broadcasting—a corporation composed of members named by the State, and yet acting independently of the State, save for a general responsibility to Parliament, and save for the reserve powers of the Government. What, in the light of our comparative study, shall we say of the English system—first, as regards its bearing on national education and the standard of national culture, and second, as regards its bearing on political democracy and that system of freedom of discussion which is the heart and core of democracy?

Before answering the question, let us first of all note that the British system is perhaps the most highly centralised of all those which we have studied. America has a large number of broadcasting stations with a large independence: France has still some commercial companies, as well as the State; even Germany has still its regional companies, though they are now under the central control of the General Director of the Reich Radio Company. The British system, though it has a number of regional stations both in its Northern and Southern areas, is largely centralised on a national basis in London, and pivoted on Broadcasting House. In a small country this is perhaps inevitable. But we must remember this fact of a centralised monopoly in seeking to answer our question, in its two halves.

In national education and the standard of national culture the achievement of the B.B.C. has been great—greater than could have been either that of a Government Department working on uniform lines or that of a purely commercial company or companies working for profit. The policy of devolution upon an autonomous public concern has enabled that concern to recruit a special staff of its own adapted to show initiative and a power of experimentation in the field of entertainment, education, and culture at large—not with a view to any political object, and not with a view to any financial consideration, but solely with a view to the national interest. The one thing that may be said, on the other side, is that there is some danger of uniform standardisation, on the basis of London sentiment and opinion. That is a thing naturally said by a person, like myself, with Northern blood and accent, and with a provincial residence; and I must confess that if there is a danger here, it is a danger not only in broadcasting but in general British life. But there is perhaps something in my point, none the less. Let us turn aside, for the moment, to look at the analogy of the organisation of national education by the public authority in Great Britain. First of all, we find Scotland and Wales with a good deal of local autonomy, and with local divergencies of education. Secondly, in England itself, we find national education managed by a *consortium* in which L.E.A.s—great L.E.A.s like the West Riding, or Kent, or Lancashire—play a part side by side with the Board of Education in London. One naturally dreams of something similar as possible in the policy of the B.B.C.—

some system which enables the lamb of regionalism to lie down with the lion of centralisation; and one welcomes the recent developments, particularly in Scotland, which move in the direction of local differentiation and the shaping of local programmes.

In regard to political democracy, freedom of discussion, and civic training, the B.B.C., in some respects, cannot altogether attain the advantages of the free system of America. Parties cannot get the use of the microphone so much; causes and movements cannot buy time so easily. With us, one controlling organisation, itself controlled by Parliament and therefore acting with a definite sense of responsibility, has to determine the allocation of time, and to weigh the need for the expression of public views on the basis of the best judgment it can make of their relative importance and the relative urgency of their being heard. A public corporation connected with Government, the B.B.C. has to see that what is broadcast attains a public character of considered impartiality—not offending unduly the susceptibilities of other countries, or those of large bodies of opinion at home. Within these limits, the B.B.C. has shown a broad view and a catholic receptivity. It has given the franchise of the air to advanced as well as conservative views. It has sought to keep open house; to create a forum of discussion: to make sure that listeners should hear every side of every question. Free discussion of views is the life-breath of a free commonwealth. The B.B.C. has provided a new medium for such discussion—the medium of the air. In so doing it has given a new security to British democracy—the security which comes from hearing, learning to tolerate, and getting to understand other people's points of view. This is a great triumph. I am not sure that it is a triumph inherent in the nature of the constitution of the B.B.C. as a public concern with a monopoly. I rather think that it is a triumph achieved by the personal qualities of those who have started and are managing the concern. 'A tower or a ship is nothing', Sophocles said, 'apart from the men that dwell together therein'. My own deep feeling is that the tower or ship of the B.B.C. in Portland Place is well managed by the people who dwell together in it—people who could manage anything well. But they would not manage so well as they do if it were not for the inspiration of the ideal of national service which is set before them in the Charter of the B.B.C., and if they were not left by the wise discretion of Parliament and Government with liberty to manage to the best of their lights. I say frankly 'Bravo!' to what they have done and are doing: I applaud the constitution of the B.B.C. which leaves them free to do it; and I admire the spirit of trusting the man at the wheel—the man in charge of the job—which has been shown, and characteristically shown, by the British Parliament and Government, and by the British people which stands before both, in their attitude to the Corporation and its staff.

## Philosophy and Beauty

(Continued from page 3)

presumably, to the eye of faith, play their part in things. It is that the artist is not only a maker of beauty but is a man. The greater he is as a man, the more will he choose for his subjects the matters of deep human importance, like Shakespeare, or natural importance, like Lucretius. The poet who has the deep or subtle or comprehensive mind may choose for his art the topics of greater importance. He becomes thus a teacher of mankind not directly (to aim directly at teaching impoverishes or destroys his art), but indirectly through the delight he brings by his art, and refining his sensuous susceptibility to the shows of things by all the other endowments of his mind. He is not the only teacher; others teach directly, there are sages, and preachers and wise men—learned and unlearned both—from whom we may learn the deeper interests as well as from the artist, and in different ways. But in proportion to his greatness as a man will be his passion for the greater goings-on of the world of things. So the artist is set in serious relation with the things in the world which matter, and has the prerogative that he brings us in æsthetic delight into relation with them. How this applies to music, I find it very difficult to say. Great music, regarded purely as art, has no subject other than the relations of tones. And yet Schopenhauer has said that while the other arts give us reality indirectly by embodying the Platonic Forms, music gives us reality itself directly. Perhaps there is an affinity between the tonal forms of great music and the forms of the great interests of nature and man.

I have been dealing here with a philosophical aspect of my subject. The beautiful or beauty remains a man-made thing; but the greater works of art have for their topics the more important interests of the common world of reality: though they do so not because they are beautiful, but because of their greatness. From this I may proceed, though only briefly, to the philosophical question which I threw out at the beginning: where in the world of things, apart from those pieces of reality which are works of

art (whether in art or in nature), value is to be found. The answer will I think illustrate the caution with which philosophy has to proceed. The value of beauty lies in the satisfaction which it gives to man in virtue of his impulse to construct disinterestedly, to make material objects for their own sake and not for practice. Value is then primarily relative to man. But we may extend the conception, and then we can say that value exists in the world wherever one thing 'satisfies' another: wherever there is, what Mr. Laird in his book *The Idea of Value* (Cambridge University Press) calls 'natural election', of which he gives an instance in the attraction of the magnet for the iron filings. Now, through the connection of any one thing in the universe with all the rest, there is always something which stands in more intimate relation of interest to any one thing. 'Nothing in the world is single', Shelley said. Here is the value which we can find pervading the universe. This is a very modest conclusion and perhaps it excites no enthusiasm. But at least it is verifiable. The satisfaction we call beauty is only a particular case of such general value, where one member of the relation is man. We cannot say that beauty exists in nature as unrelated to man, though we can say that the great things in nature are made beautiful in great art. Nor can we say that beauty gives us direct contact with reality, any more than science. Beauty is as artificial as truth, which is indeed a kind of art, though not of fine art. This modest result at which philosophy, as I think, arrives, leaves beauty and truth, and I may add goodness, as beautiful and true and good as before. I have but been following the method of Spinoza and others, and I think I have shown how, if we keep to facts of experience and do not jump to vague conclusions because they at first sight please our emotions, we at once account for the preciousness of beauty and arrive at indications of what value in general may be, though the value which actually is everywhere in the common world of things may be something which makes no more than a thin appeal.



# The Misjudged Witch-doctor

By FRANK MELLAND

*Mr. Melland has had twenty-six years' magisterial experience in Africa, and is the author of 'In Witchbound Africa'*

I WAS talking one day to my gun-bearer and confidant, at a small Central African *boma*, or government station, about some point in a witchcraft trial that I was conducting, something to do with the divination methods of the *ng'anga* (witch-doctor). My friend said he could not enlighten me, but that a chief who had just arrived at the *boma* probably could. Wondering, I asked if this chief was an authority on such matters, to which I got the startling reply: 'He is the greatest *ng'anga* in the district'.

Like many another young District Officer I had hitherto pictured the *ng'anga* as something picturesque but sinister—with feathers in his hair, crowning a chalked or painted face, bells on his wrists and ankles, and a miscellaneous collection of skins around his waist—a fancy-dress survival of superstitious ages, exercising a nefarious calling (did not the law proscribe him?) and terrorising the ignorant and innocent Bantu. Now I was told that Chief Kananga, staid potentate of high standing, recipient of a government subsidy, respected by all, learned in tribal custom, and always willing to help me in my ignorance, was a *ng'anga*. It was a shock to me and necessitated a re-orientation of my ideas on the genus *ng'anga*. Most courteously he gave me his advice, 'in chambers', as it were, on the point at issue, and from him I learned much. He also enumerated other chiefs and headmen who were in the profession, and from them also in due course I learned. Later I moved to other districts, and dwelt among other tribes, but I still found that much the same held good. Years later we had a very big *ndaba* for which the Governor himself visited us in state. There was a Company of the Regiment on parade, for it was a full dress show, not unlike that which recently took place with Chief Tshekedi in Bechuanaland. In this case a white man had been murdered, and hangings were to follow at dawn next day, but meanwhile the great *ndaba* was staged: the Governor delivered a serious oration, chiefs and elders replied.

It was over. The big brown crowd dispersed. The troops dismissed, and we, a handful of whites, forgathered on the cool verandah of my chief, for I was then 'Number 2'. The Governor, discussing the day's events, said 'Chief A and that hoary old headman B struck me as being head and shoulders above the rest. They show real intelligence: they have the flair for ruling. What a pity that the people do not listen to them instead of to those cursed witch-doctors'. It would have shocked him had I spoken up, and truly, 'You have named the two greatest witch-doctors in the province'. It would have been unfair to them to have disclosed this. The Governor had told them all that, while he would always gladly co-operate

with the chiefs who worked loyally and legally with us, he would show the *ng'anga* no mercy, so I could not give these chiefs away. It raised a problem, however, for each was both chief and *ng'anga*: to be obeyed, and to be ignored.

## What is a Witch-doctor?

What, exactly, is the *ng'anga*? Africa is a big continent and different conditions naturally prevail in different parts, but the following description is generally true. Corroboration can be found in many books on individual tribes, or in Herbert

Spencer's monumental *Descriptive Sociology of African Races*, edited by E. Torday. An article like this, however, cannot be burdened with quotations: generalisation must suffice. The profession of *ng'anga* is generally hereditary, and whether it is or is not, it entails lengthy preparation as a disciple. It needs intelligence above the ordinary African standard, and entails much learning, including methods of interpreting omens and reading signs, the craft of the herbalist, the technique of the detective, and specialisation in at least two branches of religious belief—firstly, the whole of what is bound up with the cult of the dead, the survival of the spirit and reincarnation; and, secondly, the means to detect and combat the powers of evil, witchcraft, which may be (this is purely hypothesis) the survival of a cult from previous races. I have never yet met any natives who can explain the origin of witchcraft; but—and this must be stressed—the first named side is the more important: it is the *ng'anga's* primary role in the life of the community. The other is almost incidental: a sequel at the most.

Before I describe the things that they do, let me admit, as any real *ng'anga* does, that there are rogues among them. Some are ab-



Witch-doctor divining a witch

Drawings by D. Hartley

solute charlatans as, I gather, the *Nchape* witch-doctors in Nyasaland today; but, so intense and universal is the belief in witchcraft, so haunting the fear of it, that even the charlatan can gather in a rich harvest. To be on the safe side the natives dare not fail to avail themselves of his nostrums. Christians have recently, as the diocesan journal records, preferred to be turned out of the Church rather than deny themselves the medicines of these quacks. Poisoners also exist—the knowledge of drugs is a dangerous thing—but the real reputable *ng'anga* is the enemy of the poisoner as he is of the witch. We sometimes have a doctor or solicitor struck off the rolls; a hitherto respected member of our police force goes to gaol; even a priest is at times unfrocked: yet we do not condemn these callings because of the black sheep. Naturally in this great African profession, which embraces in one man all these callings and others, there are also black sheep, but the majority are free from such stigma.



There is also much 'bunkum' in their methods. I never knew a *ng'anga* deny it. It is part of the stock-in-trade and serves a purpose, but it does not vitiate the root of it, and yet, because it is the most picturesque part, the *ng'anga* is often judged, and condemned, solely by this: by his sleight of hand, his ventriloquy, his chants, his charms, even by his medicines



'Guilty'—the inevitable end of a witch

compounded largely (but not entirely) of ingredients of no medicinal value. All these are no more to be condemned than the bedside manner and other essentials in our own doctors' make up, or the colouring or flavourings in his prescriptions. They have likewise a psychological effect; but that they are not the essentials is evidenced by the fact that on more than one occasion I have been able to demonstrate to dupes the trickery that has been practised on them: the *ng'anga* himself, seeing no way out, has admitted it in public, and it has had not the slightest effect on his reputation. Indeed many ordinary natives have admitted to me that they know that the conjuring effects are manipulated and not supernatural; but they like it and consider it only establishes proof of the *ng'anga's* cleverness.

#### The Efficacy of the System

There is another essential qualification in the profession, particularly, but not exclusively, in the case of smelling out witches. It is, for instance, also invaluable in cases of illness supposed to have been caused by infidelity. That is the need for the practitioner to be a veritable walking *Who's Who*, a gazetteer of the population within his radius. Thanks to his own keen ears, a highly trained memory, and the help of his large circle of friends among the elders, and through his disciples among the youth of the neighbourhood, it generally happens that when he is called in to find an offender he knows beforehand who it is, so the trial is, to that extent, a mockery: it is as much staged as are the shows of Maskelyne, but that does not mean that it is necessarily unjust. It performs the function of a trial in that it provides proof, in the eyes of all, including the accused; and of course African trials are free from the artificiality of ours, where, in an obvious case of guilt, the real work is not to establish it, but to defeat a clever defence. In most cases, and I am not here referring to witches, it works extremely equitably, and it must be remembered that African

tribes, with a definite social system, have carried on thus for countless years with no police and no gaols. The death penalty, and mutilation in some tribes, have been used as punishments, but only in the minority of major anti-social offences. For the rest the *ng'anga* has been largely instrumental in maintaining order for centuries, with nothing but his moral power to back him: no small tribute to the profession, and to the suitability of these methods for the people, for when methods, like laws, no longer meet the case they are dropped or modified.

He is, as has been said, a 'near-priest'. Most tribes have no real priests, so he takes their place in enforcing the moral code which is the basis of society. The cult of the dead, the fear of displeasing the spirits of the departed, rests to a large extent in his hands, as does the tracing of thieves, adulterers and other offenders, and he does his work very well, to the general satisfaction of those for whom he does it. It is, however, especially in his capacity as a witch-finder that he has come into contact with our imported alien law, so we must examine him in this capacity. All natives believe in the existence of the power to bewitch, and this evil can be of two kinds—intentional, deliberate and diabolical, or involuntary but still diabolical. When death, sickness or other troubles are not traceable to causes such as broken tabus, undischarged duties, or offences against ancestral spirits, witchcraft is divined, and after that a further divination indicates an individual witch. There is nothing summary about it: a lengthy ritual is followed. It happens, fairly frequently, that A. has cursed B., and it may well be proved that he has 'bewitched' him, by willing his sickness or death, or even by poison. In such cases, by any broad standard, the *ng'anga* is a benefactor, but it is urged that in the majority of cases some unfortunate, generally an old friendless woman, is convicted of having involuntarily bewitched the dead person. She will never deny it, although there is no suggestion here, as in mediæval Europe, of confessions extorted by torture: such confessions have even been made before the District Officer. She may say, 'I had no idea I was a witch', while her relatives echo similar sentiments, or she may—and this phenomenon had its parallel in Europe—glory in her fleeting notoriety, admit that which she never did, and give full details not only of the crime of which



The condemned cell: the end of the witch-doctor

she stands charged, but also of others that exist only in her imagination. In any case she does not protest against her conviction, nor does anyone else. She is presumed to have been possessed by an evil spirit, which acted through her, and she is killed and her body burned to destroy the evil thing. Undoubtedly innocent men and women have been killed in



incredibly large numbers along with a smaller number of guilty persons, and it is this role of the *ng'anga* that has given him such a bad name. I am not here going to criticise our law, but I must needs state the position briefly. Our courts do not recognise the existence of witchcraft or of witches, and can have no cognisance of this crime. In some territories at any rate native courts are likewise debarred from trying such cases, so that the natives, dreading witchcraft more than all else, are still bound, despite the attendant penalties, to have recourse to the *ng'anga*, but in secret. This, I think, aggravates the evils which the law seeks to stop. It puts a premium on chicanery, and encourages extortion, for secrecy adds to fees that were always high.

These *ng'angas* are the ablest men in Africa: they wield tremendous power. I have proved their willingness to co-operate, and I believe that we could use them for good, and check the evil that they undeniably do. Let me quote two cases. A *ng'anga* came to me secretly, telling me that he had been called in to divine about the deaths in a certain village. If he, or, failing him, a colleague obeyed this summons, it would be a witchcraft case, and someone would die, probably X. He gave me all the information he had and left the field clear for me to go and deal with the matter by other means. Thanks to him, I was able to do so. Had he not been my friend, X would have been killed as a witch—it must be remembered that the villagers had no other remedy—and had the news leaked out, the *ng'anga* and the headman who called him in would have been hanged, and accomplices sent to gaol. Of course, X's death would have been reported as from accident or natural causes, so it might not have leaked out. Most cases do not.

Again, there was a succession to a minor chieftainship with two claimants. The suzerain chief was, I knew, going to nominate B. A *ng'anga* came to me and said that when this happened the rival C would kill B secretly before his installation. He offered, by certain means, to put the wind up C and make him withdraw his candidature, and clear out to a distant country for his own sake. (He was going to do this by a form of what we call crystal-gazing, showing him certain things in his past and future.) After hearing full particulars, I unhesitatingly but most irregularly let the *ng'anga* get on with the good work. It saved one or more lives and a whole heap of trouble.

Without criticising our present attitude I would, therefore, plead for the witch-doctor. He is an able man, feared by the natives, it is true, but looked upon as indispensable, and their only help in many troubles, from the greatest—witchcraft—down to insignificant ills. He would be a wonderful ally in our hard task of ruling and directing such tremendously alien races; and, as an ally, we could check his activities, and drive out the real charlatan or quack; we might even evolve from him a new, almost unrecognisable *ng'anga*: it is material we need. We register and license our own doctors and we legislate as to what they can do and what they cannot. I believe we could work on similar lines with the *ng'anga* and give a new and better lease of life to a wonderful profession, instead of delegating it to the extremely dangerous role of king of the underworld—using that term in the sense in which it is applied in our cities. That, I fear, is what we are doing by prosecuting and proscribing him without full understanding.

### 'Anywhere for a News Story'

## Interviewing the High and Low

By J. L. HODSON

WHEN Sir John Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitten Brown flew the Atlantic for the first time—long before Lindbergh did it—I had the good fortune to be waiting at Galway on the West Coast of Ireland. I knew the flight had begun and I was in the midst of a telephone call to Dublin to inquire if Royal Aero Club officials there had any news of a landing when a mysterious voice broke in. Was it I? I said it was. 'Well', said the Irish voice, 'They've landed?' 'Where?' said I, extremely excited. 'Sure, up at Clifden'. 'How do you know?' 'Well', he said, 'haven't I got a telegram here from that same place tellin' about it? And if ye'll come down to the Post Office sure I'll hould it up while ye send off a message av yer own'. I was overwhelmed by this evidence of generosity and friendliness from an ardent Sinn Féiner—one, I ought to say, of a great many kindnesses. I sent for my car, and I set off towards Alcock and Brown as fast as it, and a bumpy road and a high wind and some rain, would allow. The machine had come down in a bog that looked from above like a meadow, and had buried her nose. I, with my customary pessimism, was perfectly certain in my own mind that Alcock and Brown would be sleeping the sleep of the dead, and I wondered whether I should have the temerity and the brutality to awaken them—even supposing I *could* awaken them. However, they weren't. They were standing over a sack stowing their historic instruments and flying gear into it, and you would have thought they had come fifty miles instead of from the other side of the Atlantic. When they landed they were, indeed, mistaken for an aeroplane that had gone out to look for the Atlantic fliers. They started to tell me about the flight, how for hours they saw neither sea nor stars, how they chipped ice off the wings, and so on. Naturally enough, they amplified one another, they corrected one another, they interrupted one another, until, in despair, we all agreed it would be best if each told his own story. Alcock then spoke first and was, from my point of view, magnificent—plain, direct, natural. I suppose he gave me about two columns, and I thought I had better see to getting rid of it before I interviewed Brown. I almost ran down the hill to the local post office with this masterpiece—for that was what it was since nobody had it but me. To my dismay the only person on duty was a girl who had never, she said, sent off a Press message in her life. What length would it be? Sixty

words. She *might* manage sixty words. Sixty words! And me with the greatest flying story in history in my pocket! 'Then I'll telephone', I said. 'You can't', she said. 'All the wires are broken down this side of Mullingar wi' the storm'. 'Maybe I *might* manage two hundred words', and with an inward groan from me we agreed on that. I wrote that much standing at the counter—the cruellest bit of boiling down I ever did in my life—and it went all over the world: 'How I flew the Atlantic', by Capt. John Alcock. But either I wrote so atrociously or she read so badly that every newspaper everywhere solemnly recorded next day that the Atlantic had been flown on beer, whereas it had, in fact, been flown on cocoa; and I believe it is beer in our weighty encyclopædias to this day. For I never had the heart to correct it and I don't suppose Alcock and Brown, with this achievement in their pockets, cared tuppence. The flying men had agreed to join me at the post office in half an hour and return with me to Galway; but they didn't come. It seemed a lifetime. Every minute was precious to me, pacing up and down that village street like a man demented. And when they *did* come and we set off, we hadn't gone fifty yards before a policeman held up his hand and stopped us. Alcock was wanted on the telephone—it was 'terrible urgent'. Alcock went into the police station with me almost pulling at his coat tails. And what do you think it was? Would he go on the music-halls? Finally we got going, and in the back of that bumping car, hurtling towards Galway down the mountain roads of the Connemara country, I was interviewing Whitten Brown, trying to hear what he said, trying to make notes of stars he mentioned that I had never heard of. When we stopped I went to sit in front with the driver to urge him to go faster, and as we raced through villages Royal Irish Constabulary men sprang to attention. 'Why on earth are they all saluting?' I asked him. He turned and looked at me, huddled up beside him, a black hat pulled down over my cadaverous face, half sick with excitement and want of food, and he said with a laugh: 'Begob, they think you're De Valera!' Back at Galway I began to write, a bottle of stout and a pile of sandwiches beside me. I wrote in a top room of the post office, in duplicate, one copy being taken sheet by sheet by the telegraphists; and the other being used by an Irishman, who sat opposite to me and telephoned it, shouting at the top of his voice to Dublin in the



broadest brogue you can think of, interrupting me asking: 'Phwat's this word 'ere?' and me hardly knowing what he said, and both misunderstanding one another. It was a great night, and I finished about two o'clock in the morning. But I never slept. I lay dozing, re-writing the story all the night through.

The circumstances attendant on interviews are often more amusing or striking than what is written. That commonly applies also to what the journalist knows and doesn't print—either out of charity, or fear of libel, or both. I was once described with complete inaccuracy as the only man who had interviewed a miner in his bath, but I have certainly interviewed miners everywhere else from the bowels of the earth upwards, and I suppose most other sorts of working-men and women also. There is a salt and flavour about them unequalled in any other class. I was asking a Jarrow rivetter a fortnight ago whether the unemployed were becoming restive. 'Nay', he said, 'they've got that way noo, that if they was to go for the dole on a Friday and the dole wasn't there, they'd just go home and go to bed'. There's all the tragedy of the workless in that. But, of course, there is flavour in abundance in men like Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Wells and Mr. Lloyd George, the first and last of whom are the most vital men I have ever encountered, not excluding Mussolini. Mr. Lloyd George would have made a great actor and so, I think, would Mussolini. The Duce stages his interviews at the Palazzo Venezia so that you walk diagonally across a somewhat slippery marble floor, hoping all the time that you won't make a premature obeisance and feeling that your hands and arms are an encumbrance to you. When he received me he talked most of the time with his chin resting on his hands and his hands and forearms on the table, so that all I saw was that rather fine and formidable face. It was as though he had been beheaded and his head placed on his desk. But he has a good deal of humour and charm. As we crossed the floor afterwards he said: 'You don't *really* want to print what I've said, do you? It isn't of any importance'.

Mr. Wells I should describe as our most accomplished deflationist—he can pierce a swollen reputation more unerringly than anyone I know—one mordant phrase and the man is limp. He once talked to me for two hours and then, after my mind was tired with striving to retain all he had said, suggested with a twinkle in his eye that we should both forget everything that had passed between us. However, he was prevailed upon. Mr. Shaw who talks, as Irishmen often do talk, more racily, wittily, learnedly and capriciously than one can hope to reproduce, ranges over the world like forked lightning. But he makes no stipulations. He may protest half-humourously against being sought out by you—but, like as not, he will trot after you when you are leaving and present you with some precise and written directions, 300 words on green paper—for finding his house more readily next time you motor down. Indeed, it is true to say that of the many distinguished people I have had to call upon, writers are the pleasantest to meet, the most sincere, the most modest. John Masefield might be a country schoolmaster, Aldous Huxley a student, R.C. Sherriff captain of a village cricket team, A. P. Herbert an Irish country doctor. Sean O'Casey, the playwright, might, however, be nobody but Sean O'Casey. I shall not forget seeking him in the North Circular Road, Dublin—a road that seemed miles long that misty raw afternoon. It was almost dark when I knocked at his tenement door. He opened it about a foot and I saw a man in his shirt sleeves. Was he Sean O'Casey? He was. Could I speak to him about his plays? No, he didn't think so. He was getting dressed. He had something far more important to do than talk about plays—he was going down town. However, we did talk as he groped about in the half dark, putting his clothes on, and he tore the world's hypocrisies to pieces with a searing tongue and bitter humour. He thought little of most playwrights. 'You can't turn life into a comedy in one play and into a tragedy in another', he said. 'Life isn't like that. It is all mixed up. We have our happy moments and our sad moments'. And again he said, 'If you want to find the play that is in people, you must follow them home'. The discerning knew *then* that there was genius in him, but they didn't know it in the North Circular Road, Dublin. They had never heard of him. They knew O'Caseys who drove trams or slaughtered cattle, or sold newspapers, or laboured at the docks, but O'Caseys who wrote plays—they had never heard of such a thing! Wouldn't it be Shamus O'Casey who played the cornet I'd be wantin'?

At that time O'Casey was living in one room, sleeping,

eating and working there, cooking his own meals—a piece of bacon, a few potatoes. He had an old high typewriter, bought second-hand, and home-made bookshelves crammed with books—Shakespeare, the first book he ever bought, Milton—stuff like that. His desk he had carried home in three pieces, to save cartage. He told me how he half-starved in Dublin till he was nine years old, how he taught himself to read at fourteen, how he navvied, carried bricks, did odd jobs for fifteen years. Part of the time he was on the dole. It wasn't until 'Juno and the Paycock', the play that afterwards won for him the Hawthornden Prize, caught on, that he decided, as he put it, 'that one job is enough for a man', and gave up his manual work. He still thinks a man should work with his hands three months in every twelve. I saw him again six years later. He was living in Buckinghamshire, digging in his garden, tapping away at his old typewriter in the small hours; he told me he found England lovely beyond his belief, that he likes the quiet, sober people. He would never go back to Dublin, he said, except on a visit. The first time I met him he said he could write plays better because he had never been educated; he doesn't believe that now. But one opinion remains the same—that you can't write except from within your experience, and that Shakespeare and Milton were no exceptions to that.

As often as not one interviews people in curious places; Gordon Richards in a railway train with him sitting on the edge of his seat, almost riding that train, wondering whether he was going to catch his connection to the north; Gertrude Lawrence in her motor-car, Evelyn Laye, Yvonne Arnaud and Gracie Fields, naturally enough, in their dressing-rooms, Cortot sitting in his fur coat and gloves waiting to go on the platform to play. Evelyn Laye had just received a letter from a youth of nineteen saying: 'I am an orphan: will you adopt me?' Gracie Fields sat brushing her auburn hair, doing comical tricks with her voice to people who hammered on her dressing-room door. She sang twenty-four songs at the Palladium that day. 'Eh, it's all bed and work, this job', she said, as working people in Lancashire used to say when times were good. Oliver Baldwin and I walked up and down the Terrace of the House of Commons while he told me that nobody should enter the House till he is forty-five, that he himself is a Spiritualist, always carries a New Testament in his pocket, never speaks in public without prayer, and believes a warning voice has saved his life on two occasions. Walter Lindrum, the billiards player, and I drank cup after cup of tea together in a London hotel—he has a passion for tea. Diana Fishwick took me to play golf, Mrs. Bramwell Booth offered, very gently and kindly, to pray with me, 'Beachcomber' tramped up and down Fleet Street and together we hurled invective at everything we could think of.

Sir Hubert Wilkins, the explorer—but I must tell you about him. His submarine, the *Nautilus*, bound for the North Pole, was lying off Queenstown, and out to him, in a dirty, smelly motor-boat, I lurched. I suppose he is one of the most remarkable men living. He was wounded in nine battles in the War, blown up several times, has flown over the Antarctic, spent his honeymoon in the *Graf Zeppelin*, was with Shackleton in the *Quest*, and was described as the most intrepid man in the Australian army. Yet he is the quietest man I ever met. I don't believe dynamite would upset him. I asked him what sort of men he likes to take to the Arctic. 'Oh, just ordinary men', he said. 'I don't care much for physical supermen—they are apt to crack up through insisting on working twice as long as anybody else. Probably half of us on board couldn't pass the test a doctor would think it necessary to impose on us'. I was telling him what John Masefield had said to me, that it is a pity we have the labour of writing, a pity our thoughts can't just run out of our fingers on to the paper. Wilkins said: 'Eventually we shan't need to write at all. We shall broadcast straight from the mind'. He went on to say there is one wireless station—he thinks it is German—from which he can hear the signals without any apparatus at all. And that a woman in Boston had told him she had had the same experience. So one day, if I ever speak to you again, maybe I shan't have the task of coming to Broadcasting House to talk to you. I shall just sit at home and be quiet, and you'll be quiet, too. But how I shall get connected or you will switch me off when you're tired of it, is beyond me. It is really too dreadful to contemplate. Worse than interviewing or being interviewed, I should say.



Art

## Whither Church Architecture?—II

By P. MORTON SHAND

**P**OST-WAR architectural history begins with Auguste Perret's Notre Dame de Raincy (1923), a demonstration of the potentialities of reinforced concrete for economising bulk, which is finer as engineering than formalism. A few columns, slender as telegraph-poles, sustain the barrel-vaulted roofs of the nave and twin aisles. The extreme attenua-

humanity was ripe for sweeping changes in the appearance of familiar things. An old well, which was a place of something more than local pilgrimage on account of the healing properties of its waters, suffered such damage from a subsidence that the mediæval triptych could not be repaired. In the ultra-modern well-head which replaced it the patron saint's features were so completely geometricised that grave fears were felt lest this transformation should alienate those who had formerly flocked to the little shrine, or impair its efficacy. They proved groundless. The number of frequenters doubled in the first year after 'restoration', and has been increasing ever since.

Perret never went further. His Sainte-Thérèse at Montmagny is only a neater repetition of Le Raincy, just as his project for a basilica dedicated to St. Joan of Arc, which has unfortunately remained on paper, reproduces it on the grand scale. But if the influence of Le Raincy was immediate and far-reaching—particularly in Germany—it was more as a long-awaited signal for a general revolt than as the accepted



Luther Church, Landsberg, Germany—Architect, Curt Steinberg. Another brick church with a circular body, in which unrelieved vertical emphasis is the dominant note. The roofing of the dome does not seem an altogether happy shape

tion of the walls—which form a continuous glazed curtain fretted into conventional patterns by concrete trellis-work almost as light as stained-glass leading—stresses their non-supporting character. Less convincing is the lofty steeple: a pyramidal composition in which groups of uncapped pillars provide a base from which rise other, and above them again yet other groups in diminishing progression. Perret was a Beaux-Arts-trained architect, and a marked feeling for classical form permeates all his designs. Had French church architecture in concrete emulated that salutary respect for structural restraint and decorative sobriety, we should have been spared virtuositics which torture the plasticity of an essentially virile material into furuncular eruptions, such as even Californian 'Spanish Mission' shrinks from.

If it seems paradoxical that the most doctrinally immutable of all Christian Churches should be the first to embrace what I suppose we shall have to call Modernism, it must be remembered that Roman Catholicism has consistently refused to identify itself with any one architectural style. Several years elapsed before any branch of Protestantism could be persuaded to follow suit. Meanwhile Catholic examples of the new æsthetic multiplied steadily. In this connection a contemporary incident in a Rhineland village is not without significance as evidence that the most proverbially conservative section of



Church of Ste. Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus at Elisabethville—Architect, Paul Tournon, S.A.D.G.

Concrete used as plaster, with a very 'rich' decorative effect. The side elevation gives a good idea of the chance which was lost as a result

exemplar of a new school. That influence first manifested itself in force about 1926. Then it was as though the creative imagination of a host of the most variously gifted architects (whose names, thanks to the War, were still unknown) had cast off the fetters of stylistic imitation, and achieved full-fledged self-expression at one bound. Most of them preferred to take traditional forms, simplified by modern constructional methods, as their point of departure; and re-clothe them in a





Interior, Church of the Holy Trinity, Halle-on-Saale—Architect, Wilhelm Ulrich

An attempt to vary the traditionally isolated position of the altar. The result, though interesting, gives an impression of wasted space

*By courtesy of Weyss & Freytag, Frankfurt-on-the-Main*



Roman Catholic Parish Church of Vršovice, Prague (1930)—Architect, Josef Gočár

One of the few purely 'functionalist' churches yet built, but one which entirely satisfies by the nobility of its proportions. The splendid severity of the exterior finds its counterpart in the interior of what is perhaps the finest church of our age. (Left) Note how the flat roof is stepped down progressively from the apse to the steeple, so as to increase the lighting, by a series of side-to-side clerestories. (Right) The altar apse and pulpit



sometimes rather over-wilful fancifulness that was vaguely called 'Neo-Baroque'. All the same it would be hard to exaggerate the importance of the spade-work—and it was often far more than that—accomplished by men like Dominikus Böhm, Alfred Fischer, Lochner and Bosslet, Michael Kurz, O. O. Kurz, E. O. Bense and Johannes Kamps and Fritz Hoger. Many of these could be roughly classified as Romanesque, Gothic, or Baroque; though all have an assertive individuality that is the antithesis of 'Revival' anything. Others, more modern in severity, like Herkommer's Frauenfriedenskirche in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and Michael Weber's Church of the Holy Cross in the same city, have a definitely Byzantine inflection. An earlier Frankfurt church of Weber's is neo-medieval; but his latest is such a completely fused synthesis of all three that it may mark the penultimate transitional step which presages the emergence of a wholly new style.

At least one celebrated German design, Otto Bartning's 'Sternkirche'—so-called from its being a fourteen-pointed star with a central altar in plan—was coeval with Le Raincy. This Expressionist *tour-de-force* has been criticised for applying some of the extremer audacities of concrete construction to purely spectacular ends. Judged by the model (for it was apparently never built), the swaying pattern of interlacing convex and concave columns is based on what is, optically, a momentary arrest of the initial stage of their collapse. The same architect designed the fine all-steel church originally erected in the Pressa Exhibition at Cologne in 1928; and a very industrial-looking *Rundkirche* at Essen (1930). There is a good deal to be said for the compact plan-form of round churches, popular in Germany. Dr. Curt Steinberg's stately Georgskirche at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder and vigorous Lutherkirche at Landsberg, Fritz Bräuning's church at the Tempelhofer Feld, Berlin; and

Karl Latteyer's concrete Friedenskirche at Ludwigshafen are all, like Bähr's masterpiece at Dresden, either elliptical or completely circular; and all are Evangelical. The round apse, like the tall and narrow round-headed window, has come into its own again even more generally; and more often in a manner that echoes the 'cruiser stern' of that magnificent brick fortress,

the Cathedral of Albi.

Concrete has not only abolished the necessity for buttresses. It has changed the whole scale of supporting and supported elements in relation to one another. This presupposes a corresponding readjustment of spatial dimensions which has seldom been entirely satisfactorily solved; and partly explains a frequent German preference for ogivally vaulted naves, whose arch-thrusts spring from close to ground level. The nave in which roof and walls form a single parabolic concrete surface is an adaptation of the type of airship-shed built of contiguous hollow ribs evolved

#### Evangelical Mattäikirche at Düsseldorf —Architects, Wach and Roskotten

This church has undeniable majesty, though the details are not always sure—the asymmetrical placing of the clock-face, a prevalent fashion, is here simply disturbing. The exterior (left) shows a marked vertical emphasis in combination with wide expanses of plain surface. The choir (above), a contrast in wood and whitewash, shows a fine sense of scale cleverly enhanced by a slightly asymmetrical treatment—yet it is clearly a transitional phase of design

by the great French engineer, Freyssinet, during the War; and subsequently used by him in a flattened out form in the new market-hall at Rheims. A variant of the continuous vault, in which the ribs are spaced apart with tiers of clerestories notched into their outer arcs, is becoming fairly common on the Continent. In the new church at Molenbeek, Brussels, the upper chords of these ribs are left standing free (presumably as decorative features) between ordinary perpendicular walls that beg their function.

French engineers have handled concrete austere, but with consummate grace. French architects were quick to realise that it can be gargoyle and foliated even more grotesquely than stone, at a quarter the price and in a tenth the time, either by means of moulds fitted into the shuttering, or by carving before the surface has completely set. Stereotyped ornament is bad enough. The free rein given to '*fantaisie*', that peculiarly French expression of the vulgar itch to adorn, by the Paris *Exposition des Arts Décoratifs* of 1925, proved that ornament obeying no law but the periodic exhaustion of its own exuberance is infinitely worse. Two typical examples are





Sainte-Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus at Elisabethville and the new church at Villemontble. In the latter the spire's towering shaft is crowned with a Russian diadem upheld by gigantic saints emulating those yet more heroic figures that bedizen the dizzy campanile of Lille's new *hôtel de ville*. There is a church I do not know the name of, nor yet its architect's, that seems more unbelievable every time it comes into view on the P.L.M. somewhere between Vitry and Choisy-le-Roi shortly after leaving Paris. A steeple amorphous as a badly-blown bottle rises bulbously from the street, ingurgitating an entrance not unlike a bottle's kick-up, and when clear of the roof-line suddenly burgeons forth into an enormous figure of Christ with outstretched arms. I used to think this unique until a motor tour through the (now more than ever) Devastated Regions revealed much the same sort of thing in every other town. Against such monuments of architectural anarchy should be set the religious serenity of Gočár's perfectly plain church at Vršovice.

In England concrete is seldom used decoratively, but often clumsily. There are some small brick-walled churches in Yorkshire where heavy triangular trusses are made to support gabled timber roofs. St. Andrew's, Felixstowe, though Late Perpendicular in inspiration, has a curious affinity to Karl Moser's utterly untraditional Antoniuskirche at Basle. This is explained partly by a superficial similarity in fenestration, and partly by the concrete being left rough in both as in Perret's churches. Mr. Cachemaille Day has built two churches which, like Mr. F. X. Verlade's St. Gabriel's, Blackburn, and Mr. Bernard A. Miller's St. Columba's, Liverpool, are modern-looking enough, but have nothing very specifically English about them. On the other hand, Mr. Felix Goldsmith's Baptist Church at East Barnet is a decidedly original and perfectly logical development of a traditional form. Christian Science in England usually prefers a scholarly Romanesque, but the celebrated church of that communion in Amsterdam designed by Berlage is altogether unorthodox. Ireland can claim one quite revolutionary church—that of Christ the King at Cork—which is greater in breadth than depth. Externally it is a stylisation of organ pipes, though not as well-massed a one as the Grundvig Church at Copenhagen. The preponderance of brick as a facing material has encouraged experiments in bond and texture, but few frame-construction churches have been faced with thin slabs of marble or stone laid as tiling.

The spread of cremation has enhanced the importance of the undenominational Mortuary Chapel. Among outstanding examples are those at Vienna (Clemens Holzmeister), Copenhagen (Edvard Thomsen), Pargas, Finland (Erik Bryggman), Hamburg-Ohlsdorf (Fritz Schumacher), and Bremen-Del-



Model of a concrete church designed by Walter Goodesmith (1932)

The plan-form, with its fan-shaped seating, was dictated by the desire to combine good sight-lines for the congregation with ideal acoustic properties. The body is supported by a progression of deeply-flanged frames, but is not lit from above

By courtesy of 'The Architects' Journal'

menhorst (Fritz Höger). With the smaller scale required much surer proportions and a more restful simplicity have often resulted.

Bewildered by new materials still in their infancy, and unnerved by the impending necessity of abandoning the 'vernacular' for no definable substitute, the churches have lost their architectural bearings. And it looks as if they will have to do a lot more groping after significant form before they find them again. Meanwhile contemporary design, however half-baked, is more likely to 'attract the young people' of this country than Gladstonian Gothic from the same old dreary mould. We can certainly claim to be braver church-builders than our fathers, but that is to apply a pretty poor standard of merit.

## Opera in Europe Today

By ERNST SCHOEN

*In an article a fortnight ago Mr. Francis Toye suggested that the present age was sterile in regard to the composition of new worth-while operas; Mr. Ernst Schoen, who for nine years held a leading position in the programme department of the Frankfort broadcasting station, here gives some facts which point to a different conclusion*

THE position of opera today is rather strange. There are certain nations which we may call naturally 'opera-minded', where both the composition and the performance of operas have continued without a break, in a variety of forms in terms of which the very changes that have taken place in their social development can be recognised. For reasons of space I will confine myself here to an examination of the German-speaking countries where, for a century or more, some fifty opera houses have used a common repertoire which has undergone recurrent revision—opera houses through which the principal singers and conductors passed in the various stages of their career, as for instance, from Brunn

via Frankfort to Berlin. Under these circumstances there grew up a popular operatic art of unrivalled excellence. But the cost of running these houses fell more and more upon the public purse, until at last their maintenance became a function partly of the Ministry of Public Education, and partly of the municipalities. It must be admitted, then, that not only the Berlin state opera and the Charlottenburg municipal opera (as their names tell us), but equally the Munich, Dresden, Leipzig and Frankfort opera—in short, all the many German opera houses—owed and still owe their existence to support by public funds. For some years past they have naturally been in a critical position, a position which reflects in miniature the



economic crisis which has overtaken Germany and the world as a whole. In consequence of the crisis the budget of these opera houses has been cut down year by year and at times even their closing has been considered; still, up to date with very few exceptions no German municipality has actually decided to give up its opera house. In the same way, the Austrian opera house at Vienna, Graz and Salzburg, and the Czech houses at Prague, Brunn and Teplitz, exist at the public cost. So too the Italian opera houses of Milan, Rome, Florence, Venice, etc., are public institutions. But France, on the other hand, because of her peculiar geographical history, has only two great opera houses, both situated in Paris—and both national institutions.

A word now as to the organisation of opera in the German-speaking countries. Each opera house has its company of ten to twenty singers, its two or three conductors, and its orchestra of, let us say, fifty musicians; no soloist, not even a member of the chorus, being engaged who could not master by heart a repertoire of upwards of sixty parts; in addition to which he has to learn a considerable number of new parts every year. The age which cultivated and maintained this fine flower of opera was anything but an aristocratic one: it was rather an age of middle-class liberalism. Consequently, when the latter was shattered as an economic force on the Continent, the opera in this form began slowly to be undermined, particularly during the last ten years. Nevertheless, up till very recent times all the above-mentioned opera houses kept up a tradition of cultivating the old as well as the new in opera; only during the last year or two, when stock-jobbers have intruded themselves into the places of the former managers who were also artists, has their existence been seriously and vitally threatened. Developments in Italian and French opera have more or less corresponded to this in the German-speaking countries.

What, then, of contemporary opera production, which is taking rich and varied forms in all these countries? I shall mention no work by any composer which has not been performed by some opera house or houses whose yearly budget corresponds roughly to that of the short Covent Garden season in London. The necessary corollary of the relative economy of expenditure which this implies is, of course, as it always must be, that opera is not to be regarded as a luxury, but rather as a cultural necessity; that an opera ought to take the same place in public life as a museum or an art gallery; and that works by contemporary composers ought to be given, as well as those by composers of the past, without any intrusion of private commercial considerations. Let me enumerate approximately in chronological order a few of the works by contemporary composers belonging to Germany and other nations which have been successfully performed in Germany since the time of Wagner and during the lifetime of Strauss: Pfitzner with his 'Rose vom Liebesgarten', 'Armer Heinrich' and 'Palestrina' (among other of his works); Schillings, specially with the sensational success of his 'Mona Lisa'; Schreker with a series of operas from 'Der ferne Klang' and 'Die Gezeichneten' up to 'Der Schmied von Gent'; and his pupil Krenek, beginning with his 'Orpheus und Eurydice', then the one-act operas 'Der Diktator', 'Das geheime Königreich' and 'Das Schwergewicht' up to 'Jonny spielt auf' and 'Orest'; his 'Karl V.' is at present being rehearsed at the Viennese Opera House; Hindemith with 'Cardillac' and 'Neues vom Tage', Schoenberg with 'Die Erwartung', 'Die glückliche Hand' and 'Von Heute auf Morgen', Berg with 'Wozzeck', Busoni with 'Die Brautwahl', 'Arlecchino' and 'Doktor Faust', and his pupil Weill with 'Der Protagonist', 'Der Zar lässt sich photographieren', 'Mahagonny', 'Die Dreigroschenoper' and 'Die Bürgschaft'. From the many operas coming to Germany from other countries I mention only Janacek with 'Jenufa', 'Katja Kabanová', 'Das schlaue Fuchslein' and the masterly 'Totenhaus'; and finally Stravinsky, the international, with 'Le Renard', 'Mavra' and 'Oedipus'—Stravinsky who, of course, could as well be counted with the Russians or the French. In Italy the repertoire is filled today, beside the classics and the internationally known 'Verists' by composers such as Giordano, Respighi, Casella, Malipiero, Pizzetti, and Wolf-Ferrari. In France, since

Debussy's 'Pelléas' and Dukas' 'Barbe bleue', among others Ibert should be mentioned with his enchanting 'Angélique', Ravel with the genial 'Heure Espagnole' and 'L'Enfant et les Sortilèges', Milhaud with his short operas, 'Le pauvre Matelot' and 'Columbus', and Honegger with the oratorio operas 'Judith' and 'Roi David', and with the light opera 'Le Roi Pausole'. All these titles I quote at random and from memory.

But, as a matter of fact, the source of worth-while and even imposing contemporary operas is practically inexhaustible. If I were asked which of the newer continental operas I should propose to an English operatic concern anxious to make a beginning with the introduction of novelties, I should select the following three programmes: firstly, Alban Berg's 'Wozzeck'. I am fully aware that this is one of the most difficult, as it is also spiritually one of the profoundest, operas of our time; but, as we know every audience has grown up at last to appreciate Wagner or Strauss, and so why not also to appreciate works of the school of Schoenberg, of which 'Wozzeck' is one of the most accessible—an opera whose libretto is one of the most acceptable to German operas? I could fill many columns on the subject of this opera alone, which by the way is soon to be performed in concert form by the courageous B.B.C. Let it be sufficient, however, to say here that 'Wozzeck' is not only musically the best, but also theatrically one of the most effective, of the new operas. My second proposition would be a French programme consisting of three short masterpieces of contemporary music: Milhaud's 'Pauvre Matelot', Ibert's 'Angélique' and Ravel's 'Heure Espagnole'; and my third would be Janacek's 'Jenufa', or perhaps even better his 'Totenhaus', the most mature example in recent times of the important Slav influence in European music.

And now, how does the present operatic situation in England look to the continental observer? Probably he will hardly regard Covent Garden as an opera house in the continental sense of the word. Rather it must seem to him a sort of caravanserai to which continental singers come every year to save English opera-lovers the trouble of travelling to Berlin, Munich, Bayreuth, Salzburg and Vienna. An opera house in the continental sense certainly exists at Sadler's Wells, which at least has its own cast and repeats for the not-so-well-off the repertoire of Covent Garden. But the continental observer will be absolutely convinced that England needs an opera of her own, and also that she who possesses in Purcell one of the greatest opera composers of all time ought to be capable of creating one. An English opera house in my opinion must have a maximum yearly budget proportionately as large as the sum which is now paid for the short Covent Garden foreign season. The cast required, singers, choir, orchestra and conductors, should be English from the beginning, though it might be necessary at the beginning to import producers and stage architects; and the task of such an opera house would exactly correspond to that of similar institutions on the Continent: that is, it should revive and cultivate the great tradition of the age of Purcell, should encourage a renaissance of Handel's operas and perform the masterpieces of all times and nations, not only of Mozart, Wagner, Verdi and Puccini (their lesser-known as well as their better-known works), but also other masters such as Weber, Lortzing, Gluck, Gretry, Auber, Rossini, Spontini, Donizetti, Glinka, Moussorgsky, and so on. More miscellaneous and popular forms of musical drama would not be neglected—as for instance Sullivan and the classical French and Austrian light opera. Last, but not least, the contemporary English products of opera, including Delius, Holst, Boughton, Gatty, Stanford and the younger generation, should be included—and finally all foreign contemporary operatic production, the best of which I have mentioned above. An opera house can always exist where a nation really wants it, where it is not a matter of financial speculation, where its budget is modest and economical, and where the spirit of its personnel is well disciplined in team work. Every nation and every age needs its opera house, if it does not wish its culture to fall into decay, but rather to progress towards the fullness of perfection.



*Musical Views Enlarged*

# Skill and Art Divided

By ERIC BLOM

*'At a vast meeting of "educationists" in music which I attended in Chicago in 1929, I heard the American boy champion on the marimbaphone play his prize-winning solo. The instrument was new to me in sound, and even the name recalled only a quotation from Sacheverell Sitwell. But the incident remained in my mind because it showed more clearly than anything else I can remember the breadth of the division that has grown to separate skill from art in music. Very little thought was needed to realise that increase in musical dexterity is not necessarily associated with increase in musical taste or judgment; can indeed be, and probably is, a product of many factors in life that have no visible association with the musical spirit; and is but tardily recognised by musicians as they contemplate their artistic longings in relation to the world they serve.'*

IT is perhaps something of a comfort that Mr. Foss had actually to go as far as Chicago to hear the marimbaphone really well played. I am afraid, though, that he might have had this eye-opening experience nearer home if he had looked for it a little more diligently, though perhaps it would not here have been listened to ecstatically by an assembly of educationists. It is true that America leads in such technical perfections of musical experts and innocents alike and that she will no doubt exert all her record-breaking ambitions to continue to do so; but the tendency to sever skill from art both in executive and creative music is, I am afraid, showing itself all over the world nowadays. The most obvious proof, though by no means the only one, is the success of the jazz band. If we disregard for the moment its suitability for modern ballroom dancing and also the appeal it exercises to so great an extent simply by conjuring up recollections and anticipations of the adventures of the dance, there still remains in it a residue of fascination that is really, within its limitations, of a musical nature. That fascination, however, has extremely little to do with the creative side of jazz music, such as it is. It comes almost wholly from the executive side, which must be acknowledged to show a technical perfection that would as a rule more than do credit to any serious orchestra. The appeal of jazz is much the same as that of fine horsemanship, of a good game of tennis or billiards played by highly trained professional exponents, or of a circus rider's feats performed with complete assurance. It is surprising that there is not yet a worshipful company of jazz players and other performing musicians who have reached a superlative standard in their own line, for it is they who are worshipped by the world at large, irrespective of what the nature of the line may happen to be.

It will perhaps be said that this is nothing new, that the performer has always enjoyed a larger measure of public adoration than music itself, which is no doubt true. But the attitude towards him has changed. The point is that in what retrospective sentimentalists call the good old days the public, in listening to a virtuoso primarily for his or her technical gifts and for the sake of a name, still did so with the conviction that the music performed was good music. Sometimes, of course, it was; but it made no difference if it was not, for the illusion of its goodness was still there. What is more, everybody, musician, music-lover and mere sensationalist alike, was prepared to listen to Grisi or Pasta or Mario singing either first-rate or third-rate operatic music suited to their uncommon technical gifts. Nowadays truly musical people and lovers of musical sport are sharply divided. Not even the most superb performer will lure the former to go and listen to inferior music, whereas no artistically designed programme will attract the latter's attention, let alone induce his physical presence, if the artist presenting it is not a celebrity of acknowledged virtuosity.

So it comes about that skill and art in music go their several ways. This is not altogether to be deplored. Art is now less enslaved by skill. The composer is no longer hired by the virtuoso. On the other hand the genuine musician may be more sure of going to hear a concert at which music is not sacrificed to a performer's display. But the immense disadvantage of the separation is that genuine musicians, active and passive—for we must include the true lovers of the art—are so much in the minority that the faction which adores skill holds too great a sway. That the market is in its hands would not perhaps matter vastly, if it did not tend to bring virtuosity into obloquy with the finer-minded exponents of the art. It

is this unfortunate split which must be held responsible for the disregard, bordering almost on contempt at times, of technique as such that characterises a good many modern executive musicians, and by no means only those who profess to despise that which they know to be out of their reach. Just as one still hears too much inferior music performed by great technicians, by the very people who could, if they chose, attract a large public with any music, however good, so one is also plagued these days by not more than semi-competent interpretations of intelligently and tastefully compiled programmes. As the latter attract, in the nature of things, much the smaller audiences, one is only too often assailed by the fear that, if skill and art remain antagonists instead of uniting in perfect musical presentations, empty showmanship is bound to win the victory.

Meanwhile, excessive deference paid to skill clearly results in a great deal of waste. It has been demonstrated†, as Mr. Foss reminds us in his stimulating book, that the danger of training children as, let us say, crack marimbaphonists, is to leave them without the slightest æsthetic backing for the responsible part of their lives. They leave school and, with it, any active interest in music, because it has all the time been active in a negative, sterile way. If the marimbaphonist, and not only he, but the school pianist or violinist who has been simply forced on technically, develops into an assiduous frequenter of celebrity concerts, he will have come off comparatively profitably.

As for the flawless American orchestras, I often wonder whether they do not make for more complacency than they are intrinsically worth. It would be ridiculous to pretend that they are anything but a possession to be treasured, but it is by no means proved that the Americans' justifiable pride in their insuperable technical qualities would not result in a preference for a cheap programme performed by one of them to an exceptionally interesting one given by a moderately competent body of players. But, as I say, we do not have to go to the U.S.A. for a demonstration of the danger that lies in the rupture, as Mr. Foss calls it alternatively, between musical dexterity and musical taste and judgment. What is more—and Mr. Foss clearly means that, too—the rupture has occurred not only in executive music, but in composition as well, though less markedly and alarmingly.

There are nowadays virtuoso composers, who do not create as inspiration dictates, but in cold blood set themselves problems which they proceed to solve with the coolest deliberation. The most conspicuous among them, because the most richly gifted, is Stravinsky, who must here suffice us as an example. He is the typical virtuoso composer, even when he happens to turn out a work of art, as of course virtuosity at its best can do, in its own particular way. Among Stravinsky's later works, 'Œdipus Rex' and the 'Symphonie des Psaumes' were such works of art, of debatable quality, to be sure, but indisputably remarkable. But Stravinsky, being now a composer who has lost his early spontaneity and relies entirely on his astonishing dexterity, has had too many failures lately to make one feel that experiments like his are a sufficient substitute for creation. It is odd that some people are still deceived by Stravinsky's explanations of his aims, which accompany every new work of his, when the mere fact that he deems an explanation to be required shows the nature of his procedures. They are those of the most notorious among creative musicians who in the present-day breach between skill and art have decided to trust to the former.

\*Music in my Time, by Hubert J. Foss. Rich and Cowan. 6s. Page 31

†Music in American Life. By Augustus Zanzig. Oxford University Press. 17s. 6d.



*Scientific Research and Social Needs—XI*

# Present Trends of Scientific Research

Part of a Discussion between Professor H. LEVY and JULIAN HUXLEY

**H. LEVY:** Well, Huxley, here we are again. I hope you've profited as much as you hoped you would by your tour. Anyway, I want to put some rather searching questions to you. I think the best way to begin will be to go over the main points we raised in our opening talk. First, the question of what science really is—I don't think we need waste much time on that now.

**J. HUXLEY:** No—we agreed pretty well on a definition—that science is a particular method for getting knowledge of and control over nature, and that the form and direction it takes is largely determined by the social and economic needs of the place and period. What I've seen has confirmed me in what I may call the integrated view.

**H. L.:** Integrated view—good. Well, what about not being able to draw any sharp line between pure and applied science?

**J. H.:** As I said in my discussion with Blackett, I'm now more than ever convinced that any such line is purely arbitrary. But, of course, research can be at very different degrees of remove from practice.

**H. L.:** Then there was the question of science in the Universities, and how far it was concerned with industrial and other practical aims.

**J. H.:** So far as I can see, it's interlocked with the rest of the system to a greater extent than I had realised. The number of University departments devoted to applied science is quite large, and is steadily growing; the departments of pure science often receive big sums from industry or the State; and the D.S.I.R. and the Government departments connected with agriculture at home and abroad provide really a great deal of money for scientific scholarships and research grants tenable at the Universities.

**H. L.:** That brings up the big question of money. Were you able to find out much about the funds available for science, and to what extent finance—and where it comes from—dictates the course of research?

**J. H.:** That is not so easy as you might think. However, I did arrive at some very rough estimates. I think I'd better give them just in relative terms. At the top of the list comes research directed to industrial needs—that's counting the money spent by Government, by University departments of applied science and by private firms—with, I should say, nearly half the total. Research for the fighting services, not counting mere development, takes about half of what is spent on industry. Research on agriculture and related subjects comes next with a fifth or a sixth of the total, and research connected with medicine and health with an eighth or even less. And research in all other branches, together with all pure background research, probably doesn't come to a twelfth, though I admit that this item is the most difficult to be sure of. As to the actual amounts, I hardly like to give any figures, as people so often quote rough estimates as if they were ascertained facts. But I should say that the total must be between four and six millions a year. The bulk of research going on in this country is organised from the production end—that is to say, it is organised and planned with a view to improving efficiency in technical processes and reducing cost to the producer or to the State. There ought to be much more research organised from the consumption end—directed towards the needs of the individual citizen as an individual and as a citizen. Of course, there is some research done from the consumption angle—a lot of the work in the Research Boards under the D.S.I.R. is of this sort—in regard to building, for instance, or radio, and, of course, a great deal of medical research. But other problems aren't taken up at all, or only get tackled piecemeal, because of this general producer bias in research. Take noise as an example. Noise has become a major problem in our civilisation. And yet we only tackle it piecemeal. Actually among the places I have visited myself I have seen isolated researches on noise and how to reduce it going on in half-a-dozen quite different kinds of institutions. If there were any machinery for making the needs of the private individual vocal and effective, then instead of this scattered haphazard research, in which anyhow there are lots of gaps, we should have a large-scale concerted attack on the problem. You could make out the same sort of case for a concerted attack on diet and many other problems.

**H. L.:** What you are suggesting really involves national directing and planning of research, but that is surely impossible without drastic control over so-called freedom in industrial enterprise which, in the main, stimulates this research. But how can one plan with so many interlocking international connections even in the field of research, and with the situation changing so rapidly everywhere? I wish the B.B.C. would undertake the same sort of investigation on an international scale as they have done here on a national one. The shape of scientific research in

a primarily agricultural country would be quite different from that in a primarily industrial country, wouldn't it? We might then be able to understand more clearly why research in Britain has taken on its particular shape.

**J. H.:** Yes, and a very odd and inconvenient shape it is—entirely lopsided, with a great bulge on the side of industry, and the physical and chemical sciences which help industry; distinctly under-developed on the biological and health side; and quite embryonic in the region of the psychological and human sciences. There are actually more trained research workers in chemistry in a single one of the several research laboratories of I.C.I. than there are trained research workers in psychology in the entire country!

**H. L.:** What would you propose should be done about it?

**J. H.:** One obvious thing to do would be to fill the gaps in the existing research structure. At the moment there are Research Councils with Government backing and Government funds at their disposal for dealing with science in the fields of industry, medicine, agriculture and the fighting services. Pure science is looked after to a considerable extent by the Government Grant to Universities, and by the Royal Society, though here, again, there is little attempt at central co-ordination, such as is done by the National Research Council in the United States. But when we come to the remaining fields of human activity, there is nothing. There's an Economic Advisory Committee, but no Economic Research Council to plan and finance concrete research in the economic field; and as for social science, not even an advisory committee exists. Isn't this field sufficiently important to have a Research Council of its own?

**H. L.:** It seems to me that you are just suggesting putting up bits of administrative and research machinery when there's really no *motive power* to drive them. For instance, you have just been telling me how few psychologists and sociologists there are in the country—so where would you get your trained workers to do the research in the human field? But there are lots of other questions I want to ask you. Science and war, for instance. Were you able to find out anything about the attitude of scientists engaged on war research towards their work?

**J. H.:** Well, in aeronautical research, for instance, all the men I talked to were strong on the point that their work was just as useful for civilian flying as for war.

**H. L.:** Yes, but what about the men engaged on other types of war research? Judging by my experience, I should say that most of them just acquiesced in doing the bits of research as they came along, and were consciously, or more usually unconsciously, just functioning as a part of the State machine.

**J. H.:** Yes, I think that's fair for a good many, though I should say quite a number felt some sort of conflict, and were subject to divided loyalties, meanwhile getting on with their jobs.

**H. L.:** I see that at a reception a few weeks ago, a speech by a well-known Cabinet Minister, lauding the part played by science and scientific research in providing new weapons for the bitter struggle for international markets, was loudly applauded by the scientists present. I think it is not an exaggeration, to say that such incidents indicate that the direction of scientific research is largely determined by the needs of capitalist production. Critics of our social system often refer to it as 'bourgeois' or 'capitalist' science. And if science is as closely linked up with the industrial and social structure as appears, it is clear that the types of problem generally studied will largely reflect that bias. This suggests that a rather cautious attitude should be adopted on the part of those who seem to imagine science as a sort of idealised knowledge remote from the nature of the social background, and still more remote from such things as Nationalism and the struggle for international markets.

**J. H.:** All the same, historically I feel it is probably true that science more or less had to develop as it has done. It seems clear that the great impetus given to research and invention by the profit motive and national commercial needs was responsible for the rapid rise of natural science during the last three hundred years. And now, thanks to that, we have entered on a new phase—what some writer has well called 'the invention of invention'. We have found out that science is the best instrument for acquiring knowledge and power. We have realised that science pays, and that it can be profitably applied in any and every field. We have started to organise scientific research. Once this stage has been reached, it seems to me the next step is to apply science all round, and not merely to the problems where it will yield an immediate money profit. But I don't think we could have reached that stage without the profit incentive operating in an individualist social structure.

**H. L.:** To go back to my earlier point: it is clear, at least, how difficult it is to talk of international science, except for those



developments that are either so basic that all national sciences need them, or that are so general and, therefore, if you like, so fundamental, that they don't matter for nationalist purposes.

J. H.: I don't know that I agree with you. For one thing science, as we agreed, has its own momentum, and as it progresses it changes the social and economic structure of the country and also people's general outlook. That means that it is always transcending its own limitations and bursting the bonds imposed upon it. In other words, the inevitable logic of this mixture of national and international science is to make the nationalist problem more acute and to work up to a crisis at which some radical change in social structure will be inevitable. Then don't let us forget that some highly practical aspects of science are already refusing to be confined in the framework of national boundaries. For one thing, really big business is to a large extent international. In some cases big firms have arrangements by which they share the results of research and divide up the market with agreed spheres of influence. Then there is the work on locusts, in which the Italians and the French are co-operating wholeheartedly with our research centre in London.

H. L.: Yes, but even those international aspects necessary for national purposes are often difficult to arrange because of national jealousies. I remember from my own experience the difficulty there was in trying to arrange for an international testing of model aeroplanes in order to compare the accuracy of the wind tunnels that are used in such test work. So that even standards are sometimes difficult to arrange, because the nations concerned are afraid to give away their weaknesses—or their strength—to their rivals.

J. H.: All the same, a lot of useful standards have been arranged. Leaving out of account the more mechanical side, like the standardising of world time or of world measurements of length and mass, there's all the work done in standardising vitamins and drugs and antitoxins, which is most important for health.

H. L.: But health is basic and indispensable for every nation, isn't it?

J. H.: I'm not so sure. Health should be indispensable, but it's just a fact that a great many people have to dispense with it.

H. L.: Yes, the fact is that if industry really needed a healthy population we should have one. During the War, of course, we realised the need for an A1 rather than a C3 nation. We don't go into this question of health in the spirit we should adopt if it were a business matter.

J. H.: Well, you mustn't forget that there are the Ministry of Health and the Medical Research Council and the Medical Officers of Health all over the country. Surely they are pretty businesslike?

H. L.: Oh yes, but notice that even the scientific investigations that are being made on family budgets pose their problem in terms of the minimum on which survival is possible. The wage-earning part of the population is not treated as a potential and expandable market for commodities.

J. H.: That's where science links up with economics, isn't it? However, you have brought up the problem of population and that is something which *could* be studied scientifically.

H. L.: But what can science do in practice about the control and design of population considering the fact that a planned population has to fit a situation a whole generation ahead, and that it is so difficult to make anything of the nature of a social prediction?

J. H.: I don't think we could say exactly what science could do in this field until we have tried applying it. In general, my point is that most people seem to think that the size of your population is something given, an act of God so to speak, and that you have just got to accept it and try to fit your social and economic structure to it. Whereas, in reality, population could be controlled—to some extent, at least—and to an extent not much less than the extent to which you could possibly control your economic system. So that what we ought to aim at is to adjust things both ways—to fit the population to the economic system as well as *vice versa*.

H. L.: I agree, of course, that there is a real mutual interaction between a country's economic resources and the number of people in it, and that it is this interaction we ought to study with a view to control.

J. H.: Yes, certainly. To take only one point, how many people realise that within a dozen years the population of this country will quite certainly be going down, and may go down at a very rapid rate? We have been suffering from over-population, but within half a century we may quite possibly find ourselves being frightened by the bogey of under-population. Oughtn't we to make a scientific study of the methods by which populations can be either checked or encouraged? Birth control methods and how to get them across to the poor and uneducated; family allowance schemes: bonuses or tax rebates for children, and so on. At the moment these are getting looked at from a merely political angle, or hushed up because they come under some tabu. Why, the mere suggestion that abortion could

even be studied scientifically as a possible method of checking over-population is enough to make a great many quite responsible people explode with indignation. You will agree that eugenics is a vital problem and deserving of intensive study, instead of being entirely neglected by the powers that be, as it is at the moment?

H. L.: Yes—it needs study all right. The size and the quality of a population depends on the social background, what and whom society encourages and supplies. And that again depends partly on the population. The two go hand in hand and will have to be changed together, but it seems to me quite unlikely that effective steps to deal with population will be possible unless we first can exercise control over the social background. Exercising control over society is vastly different from having scientific knowledge how society might be changed by the scientist if he were given control.

J. H.: Anyhow, I think it quite certain that science, if it were allowed a free hand, could control the evolution of the human species.

H. L.: That may be so, but one of the first questions we have to ask as soon as we have accumulated adequate scientific knowledge, even if we can ever have it on this matter, is what objective we have? Can scientific men lay down an objective? We are to use science and scientific methods, but for what? What kinds of society are possible at all? What kind of society do we want? Science is used, when it is used practically, to develop and further the ends of present-day society, and is restricted and circumscribed by the possibilities inherent in that social order. You must in your survey have come across many illustrations showing how scientific investigation and scientific practice are cramped and confined in this way. For instance, there are many things—health is one of them—which are apparently desirable on general grounds, but are not pursued because it does not pay those who hold economic power to develop them. With all the best will in the world you can do nothing more than study objectively the behaviour of humans in the present chaos.

J. H.: That's just my point. You can reduce the chaos by scientific study. For instance, you could study the effects, eugenic or the reverse, of different kinds of social structure, and of different financial and social measures like income tax, free education, or family allowances.

H. L.: That gets me back to my earlier point. If we are talking of the use of science for designing a new society, we must ask ourselves what kind of a society we want to design and whether it is a physically and psychologically possible one. That is to say, we have to study our desires in this matter—our prejudices, our bias if you will—and deliberately set about acquiring power in order to create with the help of science such a biased society. Scientists, like everyone else, cannot get away from bias. It has to be used.

J. H.: 'Using a bias': what exactly do you mean?

H. L.: In the first place we have to get rid of this myth of impartiality, for we have to recognise that whatever we set about doing is simply a method of fulfilling the desires of some person or group, and the only *scientific* question we can ask is whose bias has it been in the past, and whose is it to be in the future? Once that is settled we can call in the scientists to build up the material environment suitable to that specification, the educationist to effect the adjustment of the individual to that social background. Thus it must always be Science, Education, Art, for a purpose. But science proceeds by attempting to eliminate this purposive feature. It treats questions objectively, and therefore *in itself* cannot offer any solution to our social ills. It can only be called in like the builder or the plumber once we know the kind of house we want or the type of water system. It is for that reason that I think the recent proposal to get scientific bodies to make pronouncements *qua* scientists on matters of social or industrial policy must be doomed to failure, since any statements they make must inevitably be coloured by their own social, and also therefore scientific, prejudices. As soon as they become aware of these prejudices they will separate into different political camps.

J. H.: I can't help feeling you're being too gloomy, and thinking too much about the particular limitations of science and not enough about its general qualities, which more or less inevitably cause it to transcend its limitations.

With regard to scientific bodies I cannot help feeling that as long as they are not too ambitious, what they are aiming at is all to the good. Personally, I know that looking at science in its relation to social needs, as I have had to do for these talks, has cleared my own mind a great deal; and if the scientific movement in this country can do the same sort of thing and become conscious of itself and its limitations, and of its relation to the economic driving forces of society, that will be a very valuable step. I think the main moral of these talks is that science is not the disembodied sort of activity that some people would make out, engaged on the abstract task of pursuing universal truth, but a social function intimately linked up with human history and human destiny and the sooner scientists as a body realise this and organise their activities on that basis, the better for science and for society.



## Out of Doors

*Birds in My Garden*

By G. J. RENIER

**T**ILL fairly recently, I was ignorant of everything concerning wild birds. I have loved the English countryside ever since I came to England twenty years ago. It has something deeply moving, something that makes one feel that nature in England is very near to humanity. All the same, what attracted me most in your countryside was its human population. Now it happened that I was preparing a book about England, and in the course of my investigations I found it necessary to obtain an insight into the work of the innumerable societies that promote animal welfare in this country. I must admit that I am not an enthusiastic admirer of the attitude of English people towards animals. For one thing, it is too full of contradictions. But the less said about this topic the better: it is a ticklish subject. So you can picture me at my desk reading all this propaganda literature with a snigger and feeling very superior. Then I came across a pamphlet published by one of the societies for bird protection. I grew interested. I could not tear myself away from it. I began to read more about birds, and a week later I applied for membership of this society. Apparently one could be a member without necessarily believing that a bird matters more than a human being.

I must tell you another story now. It is not at first sight connected with birds. Somewhere on the slope of the Chiltern Hills, along a grass road that was old already when the Romans came to this country, stands an old flint cottage. Two brothers used to live there. They had spent many years in Canada, pioneering and roughing it. They had shaken hands with Buffalo Bill and his Red Indians. Then they returned to the country of their birth, and bought this cottage with their savings. There they lived for many years, still pioneering and roughing it. They raised their own wheat, ground it, and made their own bread. They grew vegetables and fruit and kept chickens. They washed and mended their own clothes. They never allowed a woman in the place. One of them was very tall, the other very short. The tall one never spoke, the little one was never silent. Eventually the little brother died, and then the tall one died in his turn. 'Do you know that old Hodges is dead?' someone asked me next day. 'They found £3,000 in gold under his bed. I wish I were a relative'. 'Do you know old Hodges is dead?' someone asked me the following week. 'They found £12,000 in gold in a hole in the wall'. So I replied, 'I wish I were a relative'. Three weeks later the sum had grown to £27,000, and there, for some unfathomable reason, it has remained. Why £27,000, and why not more? I don't know.



The robin only comes when it can have a table to itself

Photograph: Frances Pitt

And so now and then people ask me whether I have discovered any further traces of the Hodgeses' wealth. For it is their cottage I now occupy. There I spend, I should say, about a third of the year. But no one expects me to answer that I have found the money. 'He wouldn't be such a fool as to admit it', my friends in the village say. 'He's too clever. He earns his living

sitting on a chair, fiddling about with papers. He never does a stroke of work'.

The heirs of the Hodges cleared the place and decided to sell it. It is said sometimes that English people are snobs. I don't know whether they are. But they certainly are poets. They like to make things look more agreeable than they are. So the heirs put an advertisement in the paper, 'Desirable residence for sale, standing in its own grounds. Two entrances'.



Glass-barrelled seed hopper containing hemp-seed, an irresistible attraction for all finches and buntings

Photograph: H. Mortimer Batten

People who wanted a country residence in its own grounds came to the sale and walked away. Those who could have done with a small cottage did not know there was one for sale, and some friends of mine bought the place for a song. They kindly let it to me.

But what about the birds? I am just coming to them. As the old men grew older and began to rely more exclusively on tinned food and petrol agar, they gradually did away with their ducks and their hens and their goats and left their garden and their land to look after themselves. Their neat box hedge was allowed to grow wild. Undisturbed by animals or human beings, the birds of heaven built their nests in it and reared their young. Blackbirds lived riotously on raspberries and black currants and rotting apples. Thrushes warbled in the fruit trees, and owls hooted at night from the branches of elms. When we took a first view of the cottage and its ground we were amazed at the number of birds we saw. It was like a huge aviary. So it was decided to turn the garden into a bird sanctuary. Gradually I learned the names of the forty-four different kinds of bird visitors and residents in my garden, and of many others who frequent the fields and the woods in my neighbourhood. And the more I learned to know about the birds, the more interesting they became. The new knowledge of birds in turn increased my knowledge about human beings. I have met people in the country who know all there is to be known about birds. But there are also people who seem unable to observe anything. One day, during that memorable dry summer of 1929, a farmer said to us over a pint of beer, 'You know, there is a little black animal, an insect, of which the hens appear to be particularly fond. They eat them all day long. I've never noticed them before. I wonder whether they are due to the dry weather'. Then he began to describe these novel, unknown insects. And suddenly one of the lads in the inn exclaimed, 'Oh, but you mean earwigs'. And so he did. This man, who was over sixty and had been a farmer all his life, had never till that summer noticed the existence of earwigs.



Mind you, observing birds does not merely teach us things about our fellow-human beings. If people observed birds more carefully they would find out that even those birds which do a certain amount of damage do still more good by eating grubs and insects that are harmful. This applies in particular to that much-slandered bird the bull-finch, and in any case the bull-finch has a virtue that ought to plead for it even if it were harmful. It is a thing of beauty. In my garden it is the most honoured and welcome visitor. I am always thrilled when it deigns to call. The cock has a black cap so clearly marked that it looks as though it could take it off. Its chest is pink, its back is dark grey with white and black markings. The hen is more beautiful still. In my opinion, she is the handsomest British bird. She is pearl grey all over, except that, like the male, she has that wonderful black cap that looks too good to be true. And they are such respectable birds, the two of them, so typically English: married and proud of it, never far from one another, faithful for life to the same mate, both very intent on their business, and they do not bother about other birds. Live and let live is their motto.

These and other beautiful visitors were not difficult to attract to my garden. We can only expect cupboard love from birds, and in this they are not so very different from human beings. The last words of advice addressed by a wise mother to her daughter about to be married were 'Feed the brute'. Well, this applies to the little winged visitors also, and it is easy enough.

Any scraps from the table—meat, fat, vegetables, bread—will do. I constructed a bird table, of course—just a platform raised on a stake about three feet high, with a roof. I drove some nails through it from below, and on these nails I fix bread crusts, bones, scraps of meat. A bowl with bread and stale cake crumbs moistened with water was highly appreciated. I also got a seed hopper. This is a lamp glass placed between two wooden discs. On the lower disc are two depressions, into which a few seeds at a time drop down from the lamp glass. By using sunflower seeds I was able to attract great tits and blue tits, greenfinches and chaffinches. The chaffinch is a common bird, but so pretty that if only it were less frequent we should feel thrilled at the sight of it. The table is habitually visited by these birds, and by hedge sparrows, a robin, blackbirds and thrushes. Other birds, such as wrens, goldcrests, pied flycatchers, wagtails, and so forth visit the garden, but leave the bird table alone.

Providing birds with plentiful food does not, as some people fear, make them take life too easily or neglect their habitual natural food. I soon found out that in high summer when nature is lavish with food the bird table was not so much visited. But in the late spring when the young birds are being reared the parents continually fly to and fro between nest and bird table, and presently they bring their young with them. Nothing is more amusing than to see the parent bird feed its young. Each kind has different methods. The blackbird rams the food down the throat of the chick that waits motionless with open mouth. The young chaffinch sways excitedly from right to left and from left to right till one wonders how the parent ever manages to put the food where it is needed. Then there is another season when the birds are numerous at the bird table. That is when it freezes, and still more when there is snow. Then birds die of hunger in great numbers, and any

food put out for them may mean the difference between life and death. At such times, apart from my habitual visitors, I have had jays, magpies, woodpeckers, and even pheasants on my bird table.

But what is more appreciated still during a cold spell is water. How are the birds to drink when it freezes? There is no water nearer my cottage than half a mile down the valley, which also freezes. In winter I sometimes have a queue of birds waiting at the bath, a large earthenware pan that stands on some bricks. It was freezing hard recently, and I had to go out every quarter of an hour to break the ice. A robin arrived. He drank, and suddenly he jumped into the water, where he stayed for several minutes, happily splashing and washing amidst the floating ice. Early this month I had a great thrill. As I came in from breaking the ice, three goldfinches came down and drank at the same time. The gold-

finch looks like a tropical bird—slender, delicate even, with red and white on its face, all lined and adorned with black and yellow and white. I told one of my village friends of this visit. 'Why didn't you bag them?' he said. 'You could have got seven-and-six for each of them in London'. Happily, these days are past and the law no longer turns a blind eye to the merciless people who deprive wild birds of their freedom. But this mistaken idea that birds are more enjoyable if one deprives them of their freedom or even of their lives still exists. I was admiring a green woodpecker that was greedily swallowing



A winter feast: greenfinch guests at a bird table

Photograph: Frances Pitt

ants on the hillside. It was all green, seen from the back, with a strikingly red poll. 'I wish I had a gun', said my companion. 'It's such a lovely bird, I'd like to have it stuffed in my room'. This greed for possessing wild things is not even the worst evil. There is also the man with the gun who acts on the principle, 'Here's a strange bird. Let's have a pot at it'. The other day my friend the gamekeeper found an unusual bird which had been shot through the throat. It stood up like a penguin, had webbed feet, a white front, and a black back. Nobody in the village had ever seen the like of it. I looked it up in a bird book, and found that it was a Little Auk, a relative of the famous Great Auk that is now extinct. The Little Auk breeds only in the Arctic Circle, and here was one passing over a wood on the border of Buckinghamshire: quite a rare event. But whoever had seen it had found it necessary to kill it.

Yet one gets so much pleasure from the birds when they are alive and wild. It is possible to get on terms of personal acquaintance with them. Each time I arrive at my cottage I go out to scatter crumbs and whistle a little tune. Immediately a number of birds settle down round me. There are three hedge sparrows, pretty, elegant little birds with a lovely song—in Dutch we call them bastard nightingales—they come between my feet, though they never consent to sit on my hand. There are other birds that visit the house. In the spring great tits hop on the table indoors while we are taking our meals. A chaffinch sometimes follows their example. There is a blackbird hen which we have known since she was a chick. She is called Louisa. She used to come when we whistled for her. She flew on to the table. Now Louisa is grown up and married. She no longer takes any notice of us, in more senses than one. She refuses to come when called, and also refuses to fly away if we go near her. We belong to her familiar landscape.



It is hardly necessary to say that the most amusing and pleasant bird friend is the robin. In the course of two years I have been personally acquainted with three of them—father, son and grandson. The first was called Robin Eagle, because he was so grand and so proud. I made friendly overtures to him in December, 1931, by throwing breadcrumbs and little pieces of cheese in his direction. After a few weeks he came whenever I whistled for him. Then I bought mealworms, those little dry grubs that make cornchandlers very unhappy, but that are the most delightful dainty imaginable to robins. Soon Robin Eagle came and took them from my hand. Then he acquired the habit of coming indoors, sitting on my knee, on my shoulder, hopping around and following me from one room to another waiting for mealworms. He sat on my newspaper while I read it, and did not even fly away when I turned a page. Then one day he flew away with three worms in his beak. It was spring and he had a family to feed. The next morning he appeared at my bedroom window. He shouted till I woke up, and then I saw him sitting on my shaving brush. As soon as I moved he flew on to my bed. Happily I had a tin with worms in my dressing-gown pocket. He hopped over the bed clothes and settled near my cheek. He flew away twice with three or four worms each time. Only then did he come and eat himself.

When he was not begging for food, Robin Eagle sat on a tree singing in order to warn other robins away. Robin's song is never a love song. It is exclusively a proclamation of possession. 'This is my territory', he shouts; 'keep off it!' And if the warning is not heeded, he attacks the intruder. Often there are fights, and sometimes they end in the death of one of the fighters. Robins are not really nice. They attach too much importance to private property.

And then Robin Eagle came to see us with his children. Four of them, little balls of fluff without a trace of the characteristic red shirt-front of robins, they sat down three feet apart on the lawn under the window. Once two of them joined their father on the perch just outside the window, and suddenly one of them made a jump and a flutter and settled on my hand. He ate four worms, and stayed at least a minute. His father would take only one worm at a time, and never stayed on the hand. This chick became Robinson, the cleverest robin I have known. He grew up very fast, and in the autumn he drove away his father into a neighbouring garden. Throughout winter and spring we were able to observe both birds. Our Robinson soon developed a red shirt. His forehead was taller than his father's. This perhaps is why he was brainier. He often fought bitter fights with his father. In the spring he got married. An amusing affair. After he had chased away his future wife from his territory for many months, he suddenly began to court her by offering her mealworms, which he held out tantalisingly—and swallowed himself. Then she went on strike and refused to take any notice of him. This brought about a complete change in Robinson. He became very nice, very attentive, and the result was seven little fluffy baby robins. But Mrs. Robinson was killed in a mousetrap inside the house of a neighbour. Robinson bravely brought up the family by himself. One of the young survived, and became our next tame robin. He was called MacRobinson. Old Robin Eagle, in the other garden, also had matrimonial troubles. His wife was killed, too, and I am inclined to believe by a cuckoo.

The cuckoo, by the way, is not a respectable bird. We all know how it lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, in order to save itself trouble. But I can tell you worse about it. When later in



Tit bell made of wood and filled with fat from which only the beneficial insectivorous birds can feed, because only they can alight claw uppermost

Photograph: H. Mortimer Batten

the season Mrs. Cuckoo wishes to lay eggs and prowls about in search of a suitable nest, she becomes very angry when all the nests she finds contain young birds, and no longer eggs. Then she tears to pieces both mother and children. My neighbour's gardener, a countryman who knows much about birds and is a trustworthy observer, noticed this fact last spring in three different instances. In two days' time a cuckoo killed the inhabitants of two chaffinch nests, and one hedge sparrow nest.

Well, Robin Eagle and Robinson were both widowers, and both went away for about three weeks in search of new wives. When they returned, there was a redistribution of territory. MacRobinson had taken possession of our garden, Robinson had the neighbouring garden which had been his father's territory during the previous winter, and Robin Eagle has settled farther away. I still occasionally hear stories of visits he pays to people. But I have lost sight of him. My affection goes still to Robinson, the cleverest of all robins, even though he has forsaken my garden.

## The Modern Columbus—XI

# New England

By S. P. B. MAIS

Broadcast from Boston on December 22

I EXPECTED to find in Boston an atmosphere of the Mayflower, and the sixteenth century—a mixture of our own Boston in Lincolnshire, and Williamsburg, Virginia. But I have never been so surprised in any city as I have been in Boston. It is not agricultural, it is not leisurely, it is no more like Williamsburg or our own Boston than it is like Stratford-on-Avon. It is a city of close upon a million inhabitants, with streets more congested with traffic than the streets of Los Angeles; a city as industrial and as busy as Manchester, with the greatest dry-dock in the United States, and the greatest fish-pier in the world. Boston is a city with a subway—proof enough of its activities. I was not in the least surprised to learn that it harbours more industries than any other American city. It makes no effort whatever to trade on its great and glorious past: all its oldest things are hidden away in the Chinese and Italian and other quarters. Even Bunker Hill would be hard to find were it not for the fact that its site is covered with what looks like an exact replica of Cleopatra's Needle. Boston's face is set towards tomorrow; that is why it is as easy to miss her spirit as it is the spirit of London.

I first found the Boston I was looking for on her Commons—a slope of fair trees, bordered walks, frozen grass and ice-covered ponds, which bears a strong resemblance to the Green Park at one end and to St. James's Park at the other end. I was first attracted to it by the sight of three boys skating on its pond. It is in the very heart of the city, there is traffic buzzing all round it and across it, and yet its frozen pond attracts very small numbers—I have never seen less than one or more than six boys on it during the whole of this week. It is a queerish sort of park, full of statues, one representing George Washington on a horse that lacks a tongue. The sculptor of this horse was so sensitive that when he was reminded of this omission he committed suicide. On its steepest slopes is a toboggan run for children, and in one corner there is an old graveyard railed off. I have a very soft place in my heart for any village green or common, and I lost my heart at once to this 50-acre tract of land, which was set aside just three hundred years ago by John Winthrop for common use as a cow pasture.

It was here that young Emerson tended his mother's cows; that the village girls came with their spinning wheels; that four



out of the fourteen duels fought on American soil were decided; that the schoolmistress decided to share the long path of life with the autocrat of Oliver Wendell Holmes; and that the boy Benjamin Franklin came to escape from his harsh brother James. The Puritans built a pen here for Sabbath breakers, that is, mothers who kissed their children on Sunday, and anyone who dared to walk or ride on the Sabbath. Visitors were allowed to smoke only on weekdays, and then only on the banks of the pond. It was to this common that they took a sixteen-year-old girl, and sold her as a slave, because her parents couldn't pay their fines for non-attendance at church. There was a gallows on Boston Common until 1812, where over a hundred pirates, Indians, thieves, witches, highwaymen, and Quakers were hanged.

But Boston is most elusive, and whenever I wandered off the Common I kept on taking the wrong turning and found myself in an exceptionally busy industrial city. So I decided to leave Boston till last and explore New England. Now New England is just as simple as Boston is complicated. It is precisely what you would expect from its name. Practically every single place and name is English. I was so excited on the way to Concord to see so many signposts directing me to Brighton, Hyde Park, Winchester, Lincoln, Bedford and so on, that I forgot altogether that I was on the Mohawk Trail, or that this was the scene of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, who, on seeing the two lamps on the belfry of the old Norfolk Church—'One light by land, and two if by sea'—rode out on April 18, 1775, to warn the Middlesex villagers and the farmers to arm themselves against the approach of the British force. It was only when I got to Lexington and saw that fine statue of the New England farmer with horn on back and gun in hand, ready at a minute's notice to defend his home, that I realised that it was here that the first shot was fired in the war which gave the United States their independence.

Just beyond Lexington lies Concord; and there I called first at the tall chimneyed wayside inn where Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote the *Tanglewood Tales*. Yet as I looked at the tiny staircase it was not of Hawthorne I thought but of the children acting scenes out of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and of Louisa writing her first story. It was very like the rectory at Haworth with its low-ceilinged rooms; and I felt as I turned the corner on the point of running upon two small laughing girls—Emily Brontë and Louisa Alcott. Emily would have been happy in Concord.

From Concord I went on to Salem to see the House with the Seven Gables. Now Salem wears exactly the air that I expected Boston to wear—almost unbelievably picturesque, with its rich-looking white framed houses, and I expected to find red-faced sea captains, frail elderly ladies in poke bonnets and gingham gowns coming down the garden to the gate. In fact, at the very first house I called the lady who invited me in seemed to have stepped out of *Cranford*. Proudly she led me through the lofty dignified hall into the white panelled dining-room carved by John MacIntyre in a design with the grace of Adam, and she then pointed to two Chippendale chairs. 'There were ten', she said, 'my father left, and there were just ten of us children; so my sister and I got one each'. And in the backyard, behind the washing on the line, and the pump and a walnut tree, stood the old family buggy in its open coachhouse.

And when I reached the House of the Seven Gables I could hardly believe my ears on opening the little shop door to hear the shop bell tinkling exactly as it tinkles in the little village shop at home, and there behind the counter was another little old lady from *Cranford*. She showed me up the secret staircase behind the fireplace to the skippers' room where I looked over the garden to the sea, and in the attic above I found an old tea chest, spinning wheel and a child's rocking-horse delightfully dilapidated. And on the sitting-room walls were pictures of old China tea-clippers on Chinese wall-paper. And then I

saw the actual desk where Hawthorne sat as an unhappy clerk in the Salem Customs House and wrote, as Charles Lamb wrote, something very different from what he was paid to write—*The Scarlet Letter*. And then I got the whole history of Salem, not only from the brocades of its lovely brides, but from the portraits of those thin-lipped Georgians whose fault it was that we lost the States. You may, if you wish, read the records of the past, but I preferred to cross the road to the Peabody Museum and feast my eyes on the old figure-heads and models of the old China tea-clippers and the portraits of those fine looking sea-captains, among them Nathaniel Bodie, the greatest of all American merchantmen who won every race that he sailed with our country. And with Salem still fresh in my mind I was at last able to visualise Boston, and what Boston must have been like in the days of old.

I drove by the Charles River estuary, on the banks of which stand the towers and tall red brick walls of Harvard University, which is nearly 300 years old, and bears in many ways a resemblance to many of the colleges at Cambridge. The most striking feature of this area is its atmosphere of material comfort. One of the dormitories at the girls' college is about as big as, and looks exactly like, Hampton Court. Indeed most of the houses which I passed in this neighbourhood are old thatched eighteenth-century country mansions standing in parks. In one place I had luncheon in an old coaching house, a three-storied white framed inn with carved fanlights over the front door, and uneven dark passages, low-ceilinged rooms, spinets, gate-legged tables, Dutch ovens, brick hearths and wheel-backed chairs, while in

the hall on the wall was a list of tolls—'A sleigh for one, 12½ cents; coach, chariot or phaeton, 40 cents'. And as I looked out from the long low ball-room in which the villagers still hold their revels and their dances, I saw across the village green below to the bright wooded slopes and the meadows and the low stone walls. Outside the inn still hangs the old sign depicting the old stage coach which used to ply between Boston and Concord—this was the half-way house.

And on the way home from here I saw many things which held me to the countryside, and I never bothered about the real Boston. Last night I got an all too brief glimpse of the harbour in which

every sort of craft was standing and of a long line of picturesque yellow flat roofs and black windows where the artists live; and on the top of the hills behind, I found the old Norfolk Church with its tall white spire still to guide the mariners at sea, and inside I found high horse-box pews all painted white, each with its own brass plate bearing the honoured name of a great sea-captain of the seventeenth century.

At the Art Museum I saw some astonishing Adam-like rooms, designed at the end of the eighteenth century by MacIntyre, and some fine oak furniture which I remember seeing in an old farmhouse in Wales. But the most interesting room was Paul Revere's room. Revere was not only a great patriot, he was the greatest silversmith of his time—and there was one room full of his work—tea-sets and pictures and also a fine engraving by him of the Massacre at Boston. He was also a dentist, a caster of church bells—of which 75 are still in use—the first printer of paper-money, editor of a newspaper, carver of wooden frames, and a manufacturer of gunpowder. And on top of all this he found time to be a good family man, for he had no less than sixteen children. He lived to be 83—the handsomest man of his day, both in youth and old age. But the thing I shall remember longest about Boston is my first view of that staid red-bricked tiny Lewisburg Square, which is exactly like Regency Square in Brighton. It still holds an atmosphere of the days of leisure and sedan chairs. And in the park of the big house which is now up for sale on Beacon Street, the last owner—a little old lady—used to tether her cows, and every day at a certain time rode out into Beacon Street in her phaeton with her footman. There is one other thing I shall never forget about Boston. And that is her generosity.



Winter in a New England village

Photograph: E. O. Hoppe



# Post Office Plans for 1934

By SIR H. KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.

**F**OR us at the Post Office the year that is drawing to a close has been a good one. The general improvement in national conditions has contributed to this gratifying result, and so, too, has the good work performed by all ranks of our loyal and efficient Post Office staff. But in any event the Post Office of all departments must not rest on its oars—it must look forward rather than backward. So here I am going to deal more particularly with our plans for 1934.

In the first place I must say a few words about our oldest service—the Postal Service—which is still the great mainstay of the British Post Office. We are writing more letters today than ever, though whether our handwriting is getting better is quite another matter. We had a letter the other day, the writer of which made this illuminating statement: 'We hereby confirm the signature as that of our Mr. Jones. At the time of purchase of the certificate he was in a junior clerical position and had to write clearly, but as his position improves his writing becomes more illegible'. So bad handwriting is not all due to Post Office nibs!

Our Christmas mails have established a fresh record this year, with more letters and Christmas cards and parcels posted and delivered than ever before. Next year we shall continue steadily to improve our postal services. One of the means by which we have been able to effect substantial improvements in postal facilities has been by extending the use of motor vehicles. Already we have a fleet of 4,600 motor vehicles, which last year covered a total mileage of 54 million miles. But the possibilities in this direction are far from being exhausted, and the coming year will see further extension in this and other directions. During the past year our Air Mail Services have shown every sign of healthy growth, and have advanced by leaps and bounds—metaphorically, of course. The extension of the air mail to Calcutta earlier in the year marked the first leap; this was followed by extensions to Rangoon, and, quite recently, to Singapore. I hope that 1934 will see the completion of the last stage, from Singapore to Australia, of this, the second of the great lines which are to link this country by air with the Dominions. The realisation of this project will give users of the air mail a saving of about one-half of the time that it takes letters to reach Australia by means of surface transport.

I now come to the second of our main Post Office services—the Telegraph Service. I am a believer in the usefulness of the telegram. It is all wrong to regard it simply as a conveyor of bad news. The telegram teaches the art of precise and pointed communication, although I am afraid a large number of our telegraph forms are sacrificed in the inordinate desire for private thrift at the public expense. The telephone has, of course, long been a serious competitor of the telegram, but I am glad to say that we have every reason to think that this year's working will show that the steady decline in telegraph traffic has at last been arrested. During this past year we have been busily engaged in overhauling the telegraph system throughout the country. Next year will see the completion of the process of reconstruction and reorganisation, and we shall then be able to meet the needs of industry and commerce more efficiently than at any previous time in telegraph history.

## Group Service in Telephones

The telephone is becoming more and more a necessity, both in business and in social life; and I now have to make an announcement of some importance to that section of the community—I am often told that it is a large one—which would like to be on the telephone, but is not able or prepared to pay the rates at present in force. There are undoubtedly a great number of people in this country who do not require to use the telephone frequently, but to whom it would be of considerable advantage for occasional private and domestic purposes and in emergencies, and who would like to be on the telephone if some reduction of present charges could be made; and I do not forget in this connection the owners of small businesses also. We certainly want, if we can, to bring the great convenience and benefit of the telephone to them also. Thanks to the inventive genius of the Post Office engineers we shall, early next year, be able to offer a cheaper type of service. It will be known as 'Group Service', because the subscribers will be connected with the exchange system in groups of not less than four or more than eight, and each group will be served by a common exchange line. But do not imagine that what I am describing is merely party-line service under another name. The characteristic of party-line service which first occurs to people's minds is that one party can overhear the other's conversations. There will be nothing of that kind in the new group service. Every subscriber's calls, incoming or outgoing, will be just as secret as if he had an exclusive line. Nor will there be that insistent bell ringing which, in the case of a party-line, raises the just wrath of other telephone subscribers whose number has not been called.

You will appreciate, however, that there must be some disadvantage in group service as compared with exclusive service. Thus, one subscriber in a group will not be able to make or receive a call whilst another subscriber in the same group is using the line, but as group service is only for the small user this should not occasion any serious inconvenience. At the worst he may have to wait a short time until a conversation ends. Then again, subscribers in the same group will not be able to telephone to one another, but, of course, they will all be close together—normally the greatest distance between any two subscribers in the same group will be about 350 yards. So again this will not be a great drawback—it excludes at most only seven subscribers. Group service will be available for, and should particularly appeal to, owners of small businesses, such as retail shops, as well as private residents, and, broadly speaking, it will be available all over the country except for subscribers on the very small exchanges. Other considerable advantages of the British Telephone Service will be available to the group subscribers, and they will, of course, be enabled to telephone, if they desire it, not only to all parts of this country, but to 95 per cent. of the world's telephone subscribers.

## The New Telephone Tariff

Telephone service, even on the group basis, has to be paid for on reasonable financial lines. I am anxious to help the man of small means to come on the telephone system, but the system, as you will appreciate, cannot be provided at less than cost. The two group service tariffs which we are introducing do, however, represent substantial reductions in charges. We are giving intending subscribers two options. There will be, first of all, a measured rate tariff. It will be ten shillings a year less than the bare rent of an exclusive line, and the group subscriber will be entitled without further payment to two pounds' worth of calls a year, the local call being charged 2d. instead of 1d. Then there is a message rate tariff designed for the very small user. This will be £2 a year less than the exclusive line rent, with payment in addition for all calls, the local call fee being again 2d. instead of 1d. As you know, there are differences between London and provincial tariffs, and between business and residence rates. But I will give two examples showing what will be the charge for a group line for a man, say, with a small business in the country and for a private subscriber in one of our big provincial cities like Manchester. A business subscriber in the country will be able to secure a telephone on the group system for £1 12s. 6d. a quarter, which will cover 60 local calls—additional calls being 2d. each. Or, if he prefers it, he can pay £1 5s. a quarter and pay 2d. for each local call he makes. A resident in Manchester will be able to have a telephone on the payment of £1 7s. 6d. a quarter which covers 60 local calls, additional calls being 2d. each; or again, if he desires, he can pay £1 a quarter and 2d. for each local call he makes.

I believe that these tariffs will enable many people to obtain a service which means great saving of time in dealings with tradespeople, ease and convenience in getting in touch with friends, and a valuable means of communicating in case of emergency. We hope to be able to begin joining up group subscribers by about the beginning of April. The sales staff of the Telephone Department will, in a few days' time, be ready to give those interested more detailed information as to the rates and conditions of the new service than I can give in this brief statement. A post-card to your district manager will bring you within the week all the necessary information.

## The Demand Working System

With regard to the Telephone Service generally, there are now nearly half a million lines connected with the automatic system in this country, and still further substantial increases in the number of automatic telephones are scheduled for 1934. Next year the new Demand Working System will cover the whole country, and before the end of the year practically any subscriber or call-office caller will be able to ring up any other subscriber in Great Britain and obtain connection without having to replace his receiver. A few weeks ago we introduced a similar system as far as calls to the Continent were concerned. We started in a small way, restricting the service to the night hours and to calls from London to some of the principal Continental cities. We hope soon to extend demand-working to other Continental towns and to make the service available during additional hours. All the Dominions and India, and most foreign countries, can now be reached from any subscriber's telephone, and we hope that it may be possible during the coming year to open a radio-telephone service with Japan, which is one of the few large countries not yet included in our world-wide telephone network. Our aim is to make the British Telephone System the finest in the world, and I believe we are rapidly accomplishing it.



# Oxford Movements of Today

By A. S. RUSSELL

**I**N recent years, and particularly during the year that is ending, the undergraduates of Oxford have appeared to the general public to be taking an extreme interest in politics and religion. Communist and Fascist doctrines are now tenaciously held and widely discussed. Anti-war feeling has been high. There has been a brush with the authorities over free speech. Amongst others, during this time, there has been a great revival both of religious enthusiasm and of other interest in religion. There are dons who say their pupils cannot do their proper work because they are unduly distracted by these different activities. They seem peculiar to Oxford and the present time; the other residential University does not seem to share them. Why is this? What has caused them? Are they passing phenomena or may they be permanent? Short replies to these questions cannot be completely satisfying, but a discussion of the chief tendencies which have been in operation may interest those who would like to know the right answers.

A few general remarks will first be made. Undergraduates are in many ways different from other men of their age. They are more idealistic, more egotistical, more disturbed in mind, more unsatisfied in general than their fellows. They talk a lot about different things, but their real interest is in themselves. They would like the whole world of action into which they plunge when they go down to be the fine construction they have imagined during their brief hey-day at the University. They want this in the main for unselfish reasons, but, naturally enough, they look forward in their own careers to a continuation of the happiness and the triumphs which they first experienced as undergraduates. The Oxford man, if it is fair to generalise, differs in some ways from others. He tends to go to the University to 'broaden his mind' and to 'look round', rather than, as at other places, to train for a definite profession like teaching or medicine or, as at Cambridge, to do science. He is more interested in ideas and movements in the abstract than in the concrete activities of other Universities. Classics and history and, increasingly in recent years, economics are his main intellectual interests, not mathematics, physics or biology. He is, in a word, more in touch with, and influenced by, the world of the newspapers and the weekly reviews than are undergraduates elsewhere. If this is so, it is understandable that the recent economic crises and difficulties should engage his interest keenly, and the more immediate difficulty in some cases, that of finding a job on going down, should make him almost passionately anxious to find out what has gone wrong with a world which he feels sure should not be wrong.

The difficulties of the present generation are best brought out by comparing it with an earlier one, say the generation which was up about 1910. To us who took our degrees then the world was a brave place in which we were content to acquiesce without quarrel, and, at lowest, to hold our peace. We were care-free, spontaneous and gay; we were optimists. We were content largely because we lacked imagination. There was unemployment in the land, although little in our class. Jobs had not to be scrambled for even if they were badly paid. But the world was expanding and there were careers open to many. To the present generation of undergraduates, on the other hand, the world seems to be falling in ruins about their heads. The economic crisis has been in operation continuously since they became adolescent. It is hard for them to believe in a golden time when middle-class parents did not talk continually of money or taxation or 'cutting down', or when currencies were stable and Europe was at peace. They view with bewilderment the large-scale political experiments in Russia and Italy and Germany, and it is natural they should be greatly interested in the social and economic theories which underlie these practices, and proud to label themselves with the particular badges which they like best. They would admit, I think, that our country at the present time is the best place in the world, but with this belief there goes a fear that quite easily it might degenerate, a fear that is deepened by a distrust of all party politicians on subjects like tariffs, pacts, and disarmament. Moreover, difficult as is the problem on the large scale, it is exasperating in its application to the individual

undergraduate. It is not only that life in general seems to be difficult and uncertain; the undergraduate feels his own future is so insecure that he becomes obsessed by the difficulty of finding a job. He is quite rightly angry about the general insecurity of the world into which he is about to enter.

So much for changes in outside forces; there are internal differences too. The Oxford undergraduate is in some ways different from his predecessors of twenty or of twenty-five years ago. He comes on the average from a lower stratum of society. He is more subsidised. He is simpler in his habits. He is gentler, kindlier, better behaved, much more interested in his fellow-men. He works harder. He is, however, more sentimental. He is probably not any less self-reliant but in his attitude towards difficult problems he puts increasing reliance on heart, not on head. The proportion of men with flair is definitely smaller today than it was before the War. There are obvious causes for this falling-off: a childhood during the stress of war, life in a disturbed world since. And many of our cleverest boys now go into business and other work straight from school.

Although these observations in part explain much of the apparent activity in political things, such as the strong and, on the whole, quite excellent hatred of war, there are other causes much more superficial. Oxford has always had peculiar news value. The London newspapers have on their staffs a larger proportion of Oxford than of other University men, and many of these are the sort who delight in giving their University publicity. Oxford, moreover, has an evening newspaper of its own with active reporters. Most political and economic problems at the moment are too hard for the average newspaper reader to follow. When, therefore, undergraduates and authority in Oxford clash stupidly over simple questions like war or free speech, the temptation of the Press to exploit or to exaggerate them is very great. Similar doings at Cambridge go unnoticed. Anyone who has gathered from the Press that Oxford is going Communist or Fascist or is disloyal has been misled.

The interest in religion is more simply explained. It is not due to what may be called world or national causes. It is just silly, for example, to say that the Group Movement is Fascism applied in the religious world. The Group Movement is an Oxford movement, but it has not owed its success to anything peculiarly Oxonian. It owes its success to the originality, the zeal, the courage, and the patience of men like F. N. D. Buchman and L. W. Grensted, who might have started equally well elsewhere. This work has been good despite the defects which its critics have been anxious to point out. It has enabled many hundreds of undergraduates to have a new understanding of God, given them hope, courage and a new motive in life, and lifted them entirely away from petty cares and the grosser temptations. But the life advocated by the Groups is not the only form of the dedicated life. Other men like F. R. Barry and D. C. Lusk have been influencing young men in religious things for years in less spectacular but not less useful ways. No doubt in times of stress and difficulty men turn more than at others to religion for guidance and help; no doubt also the realisation that the old materialistic doctrines of science have been given up by the scientists themselves has turned many to examine the claims of religion afresh. These forces, however, are operative almost anywhere. The religious revival in Oxford must be ascribed to the quiet but solid work of college chaplains and other clergy reinforced at the right time by striking free-lances. There are no signs that it is a passing phase. The interest is growing as the intrinsic merits of the religious appeal continues to be recognised. It receives some adventitious help, however, in being opposed to some of the political views which are equally firmly advocated. Its 'escape', for example, gains in force because of its striking difference from the 'escape' advocated by Communism. In the main it has not fused in individuals with the political interest, a fact which is rather striking. The active political and the active religious camps are not openly opposed; they happen at the present time, however, to consist of different people.



# Producing a Pantomime

By JULIAN WYLIE

*Mr. Wylie has himself already produced 107 pantomimes*

PANTOMIME is hard, grim work in its preparation and requires more skill and knowledge of the stage than almost any other form of production. As soon as Christmas is over, I start again. I visit all my own shows, which are spread all over the country, and carefully watch the artists in them. I pick out the best and engage them for next year. Then I travel all over Great Britain seeing other people's shows, too, looking for talent which so far I have not discovered. And I usually find it. I don't only see pantomimes. I see revues, musical comedies, dramas, music hall shows, even acts in cinemas, in my search for talent; and it is no exaggeration when I tell you I travel between 15,000 and 20,000 miles each year in this quest. I find it, but the return is small in comparison to the distance covered. My scouts tell me there is a comedian in Carlisle who is worth seeing. They say there is a girl playing in Aberdeen who has the makings of a fine principal girl. Another brings word of a marvellous comedian in Plymouth, whilst yet another has heard of a wonderful Giant in Hull. I go along myself—for it is my own judgment on which I rely. The artists being lined up, the next all-important thing is to decide which stories I am going to use.

I have to refer to all the pantomimes I have produced and discover where I have produced them, and when. It is no good doing 'The Sleeping Beauty' again in a town which saw a version of it three years ago, for instance. And, of course, I have to find out what others have played there too. Also, I have to keep the artists in mind and suit them so far as I can in the choice. And I have to remember the favourite pantomime stories and those which are not so popular. For example, 'Robinson Crusoe', which is a very popular show with the grown-ups—and with principal boys—is never so pleasing with the children, because you cannot keep to the story. You see, there are no women in the real tale of 'Robinson Crusoe'; but how could you do a pantomime without the girls? So you have to alter the tale and interpolate characters, and that very often annoys the youngsters. Then I have to find out how many pantomimes I am going to do, and in which cities. This takes a lot of negotiating and fixing, naturally, although in certain cities I do pantomimes year after year.

Having chosen the stories, the book has to be written. It has to be a new version of a celebrated fairy tale, of course. That means that one has to remember what one has done when that particular story was played before, and get as far away from it as possible, in ideas and new scenes, whilst retaining the clear theme of the actual fable. Visions of palaces, enchanted gardens, demon belfries, witches' towers, comic laundries, magic caves, sensational flower effects, visions of colour and splendour have to be seized upon and got down on paper, in the rough.

When I have the rough ideas, I send for the master-carpenter and the scenic artist. I explain to them what I want, down to the minutest detail, and they prepare a model made to scale, which I study further and work upon. Then it is coloured, and eventually the right effect is obtained. All those big production scenes which you see in pantomime are the result of months of careful work, measurement, colour blending and lighting. They do not happen—they are created by care and thought. You have to multiply this four, five or six times over, of course, when you do several pantomimes each Christmas, as I do.

The next thing to be done is to get the authors busy on the books; and the special gag merchants have to assume their thinking caps and invent funny situations for the comedians. They do not have to think of jokes yet—those come much later, for they have to be topical. But you have got to tell the old stories in a new way, still adhering strictly to the plot, and those of you who tell stories to your children, and know how critical they are, will appreciate something of the difficult task we have in preparing the new pantomime books each year. Then we start on the dresses—or rather the design for the dresses. The very best dress designers come to the office in answer to my call. They have the pantomime explained to them, they are told the period in which I am placing the tale, and they go away to think out their designs. Then having started my books going, my scenery going, and my dress designs going, I begin to get down to detail. I work out the actual number of scenes in each pantomime. I work out exactly how much scenery is required in each, how many dresses will be worn in each scene by the principals, and how many by the chorus. To do this is a work in itself. And it takes a lot of time—and usually before it is finished, summer is upon us.

Then back come the authors with their books, and they, the scene designers, the scenic artists, and the carpenter and the

dress designers, go into a series of conferences and see where we are. Thousands of details have to be worked out—can the principal boy wear two dresses in that particular scene—will she have time to make the change? Have the chorus time to change from milkmaids into courtiers—will there be time to set the Ballroom in 'Cinderella' whilst the comedians are doing their special funny scene outside the gates of the palace? For pantomime is often a question of split seconds.

The timing and general layout being arranged, my wardrobe mistress—who is something of a magician—and myself get together. Orders are placed with costumiers, who have the designer's models to go upon, and they are told to get on with it. What we have now to consider is how many dresses we shall make, how many pairs of shoes will be required, how many pairs of stockings, how many wigs, cloaks and the like. Elaborate lists of all these things, divided into their separate scenes to which they belong, are now prepared, and each department knows what it is up against. For properties, such as big heads, swords, tables, chairs, fairy coaches, animal skins, helmets, fans, and the million and one other details of this kind, have to be listed, plotted and arranged for—and of course, made. The few remaining specialists who make the animal skins for the stage are now busy creating funny cows, extraordinary horses, eccentric dogs and cats and other similar things for the delight of the children—this is a very highly specialised art.

We have now got into the autumn, and by this time I have done something else as well. During the boiling days of August, when most of you are sunbathing at the seaside, I have been there, too. But I have been listening to you, and hearing what tunes you applaud most at the pierrot shows, what tunes you dance to with most pleasure at the dance halls, and—most important of all—what tunes you are whistling, humming, and singing. For amongst these will be some of the best songs for pantomime. The music for a pantomime must contain some popular numbers which everyone knows and in the chorus of which they will join. And that is how I find out.

Next, we get the comedians together with the authors, and with me, and they bring along their own special ideas for comedy, which the author works into the show at a spot which I arrange.

Then my office is invaded by music publishers, who have songs which they think will be pantomime hits. I listen to hundreds of them. Now I go from town to town selecting my chorus and getting together the children who will play in the shows. I have auditions in the cities where I am producing the pantomimes, for local talent is right in pantomime, and works better than imported talent, so far as choruses and children go. All the hundred children, however, in my pantomimes this year have come from Manchester and the surrounding district—it seems to be born in them there. My assistants are now busy getting all the threads together for each show. Principals come up to discuss their songs, to get their parts and to go to the costumiers. For we are now in November.

Now is the time when the costumiers are working day and night, when the carpenters never cease, when the latest gags are being put in, and when all the band parts for the songs are being written and scored. The scenic artists work on their big scenes, putting on the finishing touches for my inspection, the posters are being designed and printed, the publicity campaign is being launched. The world is being told. Up to the various towns go the clever people, who arrange the dances, and they start to work. I have got charts prepared for every one of them, showing every second of the show, and what happens—charts for the stage managers, the carpenters, the wardrobe mistresses, the electricians, the property masters, everybody. Nothing is left to chance.

Then comes the first week in December—and rehearsals start. I go from London to Manchester—from there to Liverpool, on to Edinburgh, and then to Newcastle—back to Manchester again, rehearsing all day and travelling all night. Any mistakes are now discovered. They have to be righted. At the last minute a song so good that it cannot be omitted turns up. It has to be learnt, a place found for it, new business invented, it has to be scored, orchestrated, new costumes got for it—all against time, and in the wildest rush. But it is done. The scenery is arriving and men work all night putting it in its right place. The chorus and principals get together—the show begins to take shape. The first dress parade takes place. The dress rehearsals come along—and sometimes they come along at the rate of two a day. And at last the Night of Nights arrives, the crowds come in, the orchestra tunes up, up goes the curtain—Here We Are Again—and the pantomime has started.



## Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns

### British Art

That Scotland is an unknown country to the authorities on art in London has long been known and passively accepted here. But it is a shock to read of the 'vulgarity without the skill', and the superiority to photographs, of Raeburn, by the Director-elect of the National Gallery in his article on 'English' painting. The examples of Raeburn available in London are poor enough in all conscience, but even they cannot be characterised by the word vulgar. Granted that he had not the sensitiveness of Gainsborough, nor the scope of Reynolds, he was a better draughtsman than the latter, never descended to the sentimentality of Romney, and his direct and workmanlike attack is a pleasant contrast to the flashiness of Lawrence. It is possible that the exhibition at Burlington House may not readjust Mr. Clark's valuation of the group of painters cited, but I think it should entirely disprove the 'vulgarity' and lack of skill.

Edinburgh

DAVID FOGGIE

On page iv of the LISTENER Supplement on British Art is a picture by John Constable described as 'Study for Leaping Horse', and it is said to be in the Royal Academy. In the Victoria and Albert Museum is Constable's 'Study for Leaping Horse', while in the Council Room of the Royal Academy is the final picture of 'Leaping Horse', for which the study was made. Thus it would seem that either the title or the location of the picture is wrong. As far as one can judge from the reproduction, with its necessary limitations, I think that the picture of 'Leaping Horse' is shown here. The detail seems to have received adequate attention and the modelling of the rear leg of the horse is better than that which I remember of the 'Study'.

Bromley

CYRIL H. GEORGE

[We thank our correspondent for calling our attention to this error. The reproduction in THE LISTENER Supplement was from the 'Leaping Horse' in the Royal Academy—EDITOR, THE LISTENER].

### Vulgarity and Art

Cannot Mr. Alfred Dangle read? Mr. Dangle bases his argument against Mr. Hill on what, perhaps, he thought Mr. Read intended to say. Mr. Read might have been right if he had said that 90 per cent. of posters were *blatantly* vulgar, but what he did say was, that they were *obscenely* vulgar—a very different thing and much less tenable.

Dublin

E. K. EASON

### Science and War

At a time when the relation between the scientist and the human being is so much discussed from the viewpoint of the chemist, presumably because of the present dangers of war, a broader view may be stated. Mr. Huxley's discussion with Professor Blackett appeared to decide that there was no real distinction between pure and applied science. If we define as 'applied research' such as is done to apply discovery directly to the practical needs of humanity, such a distinction can validly be made; and the acceptance of the definition makes obvious the proper attitude of scientists to war research. They should have nothing to do with it. Mr. Huxley's 'If you prepare for war you should prepare for it scientifically' becomes, more logically, 'It is bad applied science to prepare for war at all'. If we thus assign a definite sociological purpose to applied science we may safely regard the duty of pure science as a purposive discovery. The danger that the results of research may be applied in an anti-social way would no longer exist. Pure science does not consciously 'prepare' for anything.

Jersey

L. A. MOIGNARD

### Birth Control and the Slums

Mr. R. M. Courtauld's letter in your issue of December 20 seems to call for comment. Mr. Courtauld says that birth control will not prevent slums. Even so, it will reduce the crowding which is a distressing feature of slum life. He says there is evidence that abortion is most frequent where birth control is most practised. The evidence must be worthless: for it is self-evident that where conception has been prevented there is no opportunity for abortion. Mr. Courtauld states that many doctors (unnamed) think that contraceptive practices (unspecified) gravely endanger women's health. The National Birth Control Association, to mention one instance only, has the public support of Lord Horder and Sir Humphry Rolleston,

physicians of outstanding reputation, and also of two prominent gynaecologists—Mr. A. Bourne, of St. Mary's Hospital and Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, and Mr. Browne, Professor of Obstetric Medicine, University of London.

London, W. 2

J. RAMSAY

Your correspondent, Mr. R. M. Courtauld, says that birth control would not prevent slums—but does anyone claim that it could? What has been said, and is incontrovertible, is that what may be adequate accommodation for parents with 2 or 3 children, may, and often does, become insanitary overcrowding when 7 or 8 more are born, for means of subsistence too often remain the same, while the possibility of keeping a decent home lessens with every addition to the number to be fed, housed and clothed in it. The constantly recurring illness and suffering of the mother, and the privations of the children in such cases, are often overlooked by those who urge the duty to 'increase and multiply' at any cost, and to whom quantity rather than quality seems to be the desideratum in a family.

Hereford

M. A. BINSTAD

### Double Taxation in the Empire

Your first 'Week by Week' paragraph in THE LISTENER of December 13 contains this sentence: 'As many of you no doubt know, no person solely resident in one country (of the Empire, understood) is taxed at a higher rate than that prevailing in the country in which he resides'. That sums up exactly what we Colonial-born residents understood by 'no double taxation in the Empire', but it is not what happens, and if troublesome Ireland under Dominion status has been dealt with like that for years, you will acknowledge that I and other good Australians have a right to feel hurt at our treatment.

I drew for the year 1932 (January to December) an income of £302 from a proprietary company in Australia. The company paid tax of £50 on my behalf and my lawyer further taxes of £6 2s. 7d. and £33 6s. 1d., making a total Australian taxation of £89 8s. 8d. I hold the receipts for these amounts. My income has become £212 and shrinks to £159 owing to the rate of exchange being 25 per cent. against Australia. The Inland Revenue now gets busy and assesses me at 5s. in the £—say £40—which, after correspondence and production of my receipts, drops to £20, a rebate on account of Dominion taxation of approximately 2s. 6d. being allowed. The total tax I pay, in both countries, is £109 on a gross income of £302—a rate of more than 6s. 8d. in the £. How does that square with your sentence, quoted above? The local Inspector of Taxes is sympathetic, but is legally unable to allow me a larger rebate. He kindly suggests that I should be better off at present in Australia—but a husband and four children are a difficulty! There are perhaps some hundreds of us in this position. We feel that we have a legitimate grievance. Australia, I may remind you, pays her debts and tries to be a helpful member of the British Empire.

Sheffield

ELEANOR M. SAMPSON

### Some Corrections from Canada

May I be permitted to point out and correct a few errors which have appeared in recent numbers of THE LISTENER? While these errors are small they are nevertheless misleading to English readers and irritating to those on this side of the Atlantic.

Dr. Robert Saudek, in his article on crime and handwriting, dealt with a letter written in the United States in which the word 'night' was spelt 'nite', and, postulating that this spelling was wrong, he proceeded to make certain deductions therefrom as to the speller's character. Now, both in the United States and Canada the words 'night' and 'right' are frequently spelt 'nite' and 'rite', even though it is recognised that the latter forms are incorrect. But these forms are almost always used in advertisements and the teaching of many schools is that they are correct for informal use. Certainly their occurrence is no criterion of the writer's ignorance and lack of education, and I think Dr. Saudek's deductions based on such an assumption do not count for much.

My second grievance is caused by Mr. Howard Marshall, who, in the issue of November 8, states that in America roads are called 'parkways'. If this is so it is news to me; but as a civil engineer whose work involves roads to a great extent, and as a layman who lives nearer to the United States than Mr. Marshall does and is therefore in a position to have heard or seen this term more often than he, I beg leave to doubt it. It looks as if Mr. Marshall is making use of a euphonious word to further his very worthy cause; but worthy or not,



Such tactics are not very creditable; or else he is grossly misinformed.

My third and strongest complaint is against Mr. S. P. B. Mais. In the third of his 'Modern Columbus' series entitled 'In Arcadia', he refers, with appalling incorrectness since it comes from him, to that part of the States in the neighbourhood of New Orleans as 'the "Evangeline" country of Arcadia'. It is unfortunate that he was unable to buy a copy of 'Evangeline', there, for had he done so he would probably have discovered his error. The 'Evangeline' country was not Arcadia but Acadia and it is located in Nova Scotia in Canada. If Mr. Mais has read the poem he will not remember any reference to swamps and sugar-canes in it. A perusal of Longfellow's own notes in the Oxford edition of his works will verify this.

Edmonton, Alberta

J. H. HOLLOWAY

### An Over-Enthusiastic Columbus?

In *Martin Chuzzlewit* (written in 1843), Major Chollop says, 'We must be cracked up, sir. We are a model to the airth, and must be jist cracked up. I tell you'. Listening to Mr. S. P. B. Mais, one feels that this must be true of God's Own Country in 1933. But need he use quite so many superlatives?

Oxford

EDWARD BUCK

### Modern Poetry

I have read with much interest Mr. Bonamy Dobrée's letter on Modern Poetry in your issue of December 20, in which I notice that he says 'Modern poetry . . . needs explaining, which function the B.B.C. performs extraordinarily well'. It would be great kindness to many of your readers if you would perform this function for Mr. Barker's poem 'Fistral Bay', published in the same issue. It is quite obviously a specimen of modern poetry, and must be a good specimen, or it would find no place in your columns. I have tried to analyse its syntax, its diction and its meaning, but have to confess, with shame, that I have found myself unequal to the task. I feel sure that a lucid explanation of this poem would afford a valuable clue to the meaning of other verses which may appear in your paper, and be of great assistance in your pioneer work of commending modern art and modern poetry to the, at present, uninitiated.

Alverstoke

GUY LANDON

### Vanishing England

Referring to Mr. Howard Marshall's letter in your issue of December 20, may I suggest that the surest method of preventing the spoliation of the countryside by advertisement would be a protest by the person most directly affected, *viz.* the consumer? If the consumer should refuse to buy the goods, such advertising would soon come to an end. Most roadside advertising is done for the benefit of the motorist, and motorists can most easily show their disapproval. If the big petrol companies can agree together to do without public advertising, then so can other people. The right place for advertisements is in the Press. All ugly advertisements, whether on hoardings or on the sides of buildings, or on the sky, should be remembered by those seeing them and when the time comes to buy an article, well, there is always something else just as good—buy that! The mere suggestion of such action would be enough.

Grays

WRAM

### The Native Brain

In your 'Week by Week' comments of last week's issue you mention Dr. Gordon's experiments on the brain of the African native. Dr. Gordon has raised the question of 'structure and function' and put his finger on what should be the foundation of all enquiry in the field of social science. A possible answer to the question of why the black man's brain-development seems shortened (his skull plates close sooner, too) is that pointed out about the same time as Huxley by Herbert Spencer in his *Principles of Biology*. Spencer suggests there is an 'individuation limit', that certain life forms travel to the end of a definite line and go no further in development; some of our modern biologists call this a 'biological decline', and though not a new discovery, it is yet a very important one. If, then, we accept what others have seen and Dr. Gordon has verified, then to try to educate the black man on the white man's line may explain the presence of *dementia præcox*—a breakage under the stress of unnatural strain.

Upton Park

HARRY SALMON

### National Library for the Blind

Mr. Eagar, General Secretary of the National Institute for the Blind, during his debate with Mr. Morgan Jones, stated that one of the services of the National Institute was the provision of books for the blind, and that the National Library for the Blind acted merely in a circulating capacity. This is untrue. During the year ending March, 1933, the National Library's production amounted to 568 works in Braille, whereas that of the N.I.B. for the same period was only 89 plus 155 works by

the Students' Library of the National Institute. The main book-production of the N.I.B., I should add, is a commercial proposition, and the necessarily high price of the books forbids their purchase by all but a few of the blind.

Prestwick

V. NELSON

### What About the House Sparrow?

Dr. G. J. Renier, in his talk on 'Birds in my Garden', on December 26, omitted to mention the common house sparrow. It would be instructive to know whether he included this little pest among his guests.

Lambourn, Berkshire

BASIL SUTTON

### Spenser on Snakes and their Young

I should like to draw Mr. E. L. Grant Watson's attention to 'The Faerie Queene', Book I. There he will discover that the dragon of Error, at the approach of the Red Crosse Knight, swallows up her brood and prepares for battle. Spenser describes this process, and also the reappearance of the young after their mother's death, in great detail. Since Spenser had the opportunity of studying nature at first hand, the logical conclusion would seem to be that at some time or other he actually saw a reptile of some description swallow its young at the approach of danger. If he did not, then the knowledge or belief that reptiles swallowed their offspring in certain circumstances must have been current in his day.

Newmilns

ANDREW MCCLUCKIE

## Report on Crossword No. 197

We thank our readers for their many kind wishes in response to our greeting. The puzzle proved an easy one, the chief difficulty being to find the correct word for 5 across. All variants which proved a knowledge of the quotation from Hamlet have been accepted.

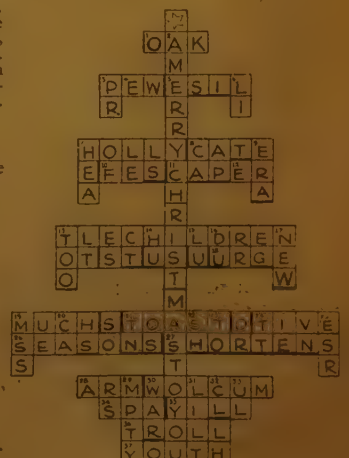
Prizewinners: J. H. Atkins (Leicester); R. W. Barlow (Stockport); J. Bastian (Upper Clapton, E.5); E. J. Brady (Edmonton); J. C. Brash and J. G. Glen (Edinburgh); J. Brasier (Manchester); P. Y. Brimblecombe (Lee, S.E.12); M. Brown (Rhos-on-Sea); W. W. Brown (Manchester); H. C. Bowen (Tenby); T. Bruce (Sixpenny Handley); E. Buck (Oxford); H. W. Burgess (Whitchurch); O. M. Busby (High Wycombe); K. Butler (Dublin); T. Carter (Newcastle-on-Tyne); J. W. Christian (Castle Eden); O. P. Churchyard (Tonbridge); P. Coleman (Seaford); V. H. Coleman (Wembley); A. Cunison (Chalfont St. Giles); F. Dale (Berkhamsted); L. Dale (Oxford); Sir S. Dannreuther (Slough); L. Davies (Amersham); E. I. Denoon (Edinburgh); E. M. Dickson (Wishaw); A. W. Diggins (Tonbridge Wells); T. A. Dillon (Dublin); R. Dowling (Dublin); A. D. Drew (Plymouth); T. W. Edwards (Rotherham); A. H. Egging (Fife); C. W. S. Ellis (Eastbourne); J. Emerson (Lowestoft); J. A. England (Thirsk); S. E. Evans (Stockport); W. B. Fagg (London, S.E.19); R. W. Fair (Highbury, N.5); M. E. Farrer (Clapham, S.W.8); D. Fletcher (Totnes); C. E. Ford (Streatham, S.W.16); E. F. Garrett (Colchester); H. H. Gethling (Grantham); W. F. Goold (Ottershaw); A. F. Grundy and D. Ferguson (Repton); G. F. Grundy (Upper Norwood, S.E.19); B. Grylls (Hampstead, N.W.3); E. Handscomb (London, S.W.14); E. T. Hardman (Eastbourne); P. E. Herrick (London, S.W.2); E. G. W. Hewlett (Bushey); O. T. Hitchens (Malvern); O. Hodgson (Broadstairs); G. Holland (Hampstead, N.W.3); R. Y. Holmes (Monktonhampton); N. Howarth (Wakefield); F. Hull (Ringwood); J. R. Huneke (Hull); E. C. Hunt (Yarmouth); T. A. Jaques (London, N.W.1); H. Jenner (Lewes); J. M. Jenner (London, W.14); T. Johnston (Enfield); C. M. Jenkin-Jones (Bootham); H. D. Jones (London, S.E.24); L. A. Jones (St. Albans); O. R. Jones (Crowthorne); E. A. G. Junk (Dollor); E. C. Kennedy (Folkstone); M. Kewley (Walsingham); W. G. Kinghorn (Newcastle-on-Tyne); W. Langstaff (Chiswick, W.4); W. F. D. Leonard (London, S.E.24); M. Levy (Hackney); P. Lewis (Faversham); E. A. Lilley (London, S.W.9); L. M. Littlewood (Bradford-on-Avon); J. Lund (Oxford); R. G. McCallum (Glasgow); J. McCorkindale (Glasgow); D. Macdonald (Godshill); P. D. Mathews (Drogheda); J. Meek (London, N.W.2); M. Mayall (Cheadle Hulme); J. C. Maxwell (Edinburgh); J. Moffat (Dunfermline); E. N. Morphy (Greystones); G. B. Newport (Halifax); H. W. O'Connell (Carshalton); A. F. Owen (Bristol); H. Pickles (Doncaster); H. A. Piehler (London, S.W.20); J. R. Pike (Carshalton); M. E. Poole (Sheffield); T. G. Powell (St. Helens); A. Priestley (Wallasey); R. W. Purnell (Chippendale); B. F. Rilton (Bromley); A. F. Ritchie (Wells); E. J. Roberts (Grantown-on-Spey); W. Roberts (Bristol); A. H. Robertson (St. Ives, Cornwall); J. C. Rowlands (London, S.W.16); A. E. Rowles (Maidstone); A. C. Ruffhead (Harrow); N. C. Sainsbury (Cambridge); J. Scholes (Loughton); P. W. Selby (London, E.13); H. C. J. Sidnell (Tadmorden); F. Simpson (Droylesden); T. K. Slade (Southampton); S. Smith (Edinburgh); J. A. Snodgrass (Helsburgh); F. R. Stafford (Manchester); J. H. Stafford (Caterham); Mrs. Stapleton (Warrash); W. A. Starbuck (Eltham); R. D. Strachan (Dalry); W. Stradling (Oxford); R. H. Taylor (Markinch); E. Moore Taylor (Camberley); W. Tollerton (Bristol); J. T. Turner (Banstead); G. C. Vesey (Chiswick, W.4); S. J. Walker (Maidstone); M. Walton (Basingstoke); J. A. Watson (Lymington); W. H. Weightman (Harpenden); W. H. J. Wheeler (Wembley); E. P. Whitcombe (Bewdley); G. T. Whiteman (St. Heliers, Jersey); E. Wilcockson (Wirral); R. A. Wildash (Sanderstead); W. C. Wilson (London, N.W.5); L. J. Wright (Edinburgh); N. Wood (Coventry); T. R. Yellow (Stockton-on-Tees).

#### NOTES—ACROSS

1. T. Haynes Bailey: 'The Mistletoe Bough'.
5. 'Hamlet', V. 1
7. Tennyson: 'In Memoriam'
21. Two meanings, east.
27. Gay: Fable 1. 39.
30. Old song tempo Henry VII.
36. Pickwick Papers.
37. Longfellow: 'Hyperion'

#### DOWN

1. (C)owls.
3. Browning: 'Christmas Eve'.
4. Elect(uary).
6. D. Mullock: 'A Christmas Carol', ch. 2.
12. P. J. Bailey: Festus.
13. Leigh Hunt: Christmas.
14. Andersen's Fairy Tales: The fir-tree.
15. (F)lush.





## New French Pictures at the Tate

*On this and the following pages we reproduce a selection of the pictures recently bequeathed to the Tate Gallery by Mr. C. Frank Stoop. Another will be found on the front cover*



Flowers, by Douanier Rousseau



Victoria, by Modigliani



Seated Woman, by Picasso



La Forêt, by Henri-Matisse

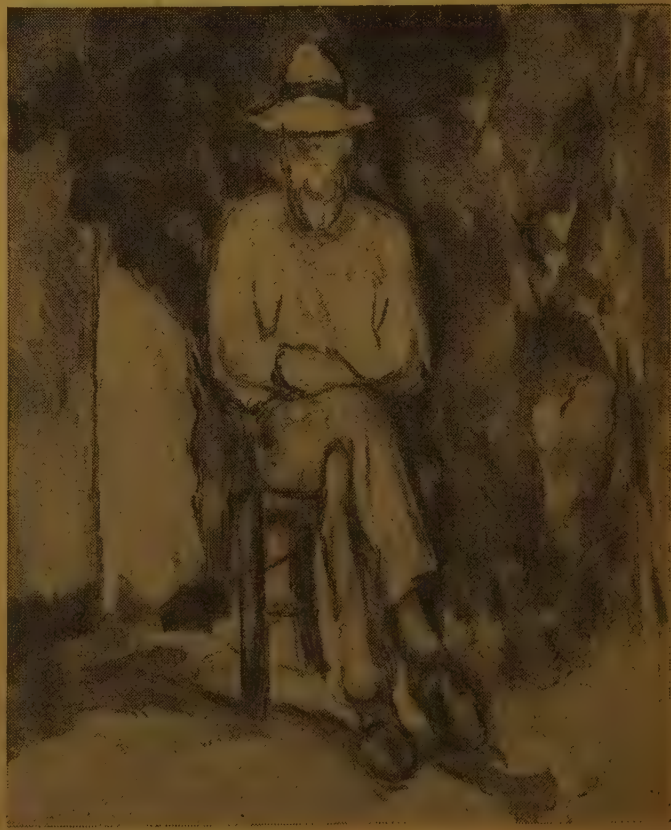




Two Girls, by Marie Laurencin



Figure of a Woman, by Picasso



The Gardener, by Cézanne





Landscape, by Van Gogh



The Toilet, by Degas



## Books and Authors

# Psychoanalysis of Poe

Edgar Poe, *Etude Psychanalytique*. By Marie Bonaparte. Paris: Denoël et Steele. 2 vols. 80 francs

PRINCESS MARIE BONAPARTE (Princess George of Greece) gives us, in this study of Poe's life and works, much food for thought—all the more so because, although both subjects have already been dealt with many times, from many angles, they remain, in various respects, fraught with mystery. Even the facts of his life have been slow in coming to light. The earliest fairly accurate biographies (Woodberry's, 1886; and Harrison's, 1902) left much ground uncovered, and provided but vague information on many points. It is only recently that important sources, such as the Ellis and Allan papers in the Washington Library of Congress, and the Valentine Museum Poe letters, were used to fill gaps and dispel obscurities: so that at long last we were given one biography—Mr. Hervey Allen's *Israfel* (London, 1927), which Princess Marie Bonaparte uses as a basis for the biographical part of her book—containing all available information on his life and character.

It tells, circumstantially and starkly, the tale of Poe's disastrous heredity, the tragedy of his early childhood, of his mother's illness and death, of the harshness, unimaginativeness, and avarice of his adoptive father, John Allan, of his ceaseless struggle against dire poverty (even during his student days at Virginia University), of the contest between noble instincts, industry, and creative genius on the one hand, ill-fortune, rashness, and weakness on the other. But the more we learn on the subject, the more unaccountable it all seems; especially the fact that Poe, fundamentally simple, genuine, clean-minded, affectionate, eager to concentrate on his work in the hope of securing a decent living for himself and his beloved invalid wife—or, later, after her death, ever striving to find, in some other woman, the solace of human companionship—never failed to wreck his chances by getting drunk at the eleventh hour, by causing some scandal, or by offending the very people whom he needed and wished to propitiate. All that has been said by way of explanation is that he was neurotic, and that his neurosis generated a kind of 'imp of the perverse', brother to the one created by his literary fancy, who relentlessly pursued him all through life—a very inadequate way out of the difficulty.

Then, there is the enigma of his work; the incompatibility between, on the one hand, the cool, clear-headed reasoning and all but infallible purposefulness and sanity of method in fiction, poetry, and critical analysis, and on the other hand the seemingly rambling, nightmarish fancies that strike one, despite all he may have said to the contrary in his 'Philosophy of Composition' and other critical writings, as the vagaries of a loose and morbid imagination.

Freudian psychoanalysis, under the expert pen of Princess Marie Bonaparte, a pupil and friend of Freud (let it be made clear forthwith that her book is only for readers inured, or prepared to be inured, to his method at its most outspoken) gives us far fuller solutions to all these problems than anybody else had done. Whether these will be found satisfactory depends upon the point of view from which they will be judged. To believers in Freud's method, the case made will appear all in order, and indeed stand as a particularly useful one in which everything fits in admirably. But there are those of us who do not believe in it; who consider it too set in its principles, too systematic and laboured in its applications (for an elementary, but clear and strong statement of this view, see Dr. Charles Blondel's *La Psychanalyse*, Paris, 1924). There is no denying that in matters of detail, some of Freud's conclusions curiously resemble those which Flaubert's Bouvard and Pécuchet inclined to form after having acquired a smattering of knowledge of the theory of phallic symbolism. But, when all is said and done, Freudian psychoanalysis, here, has provided perfectly rational explanations of much that had never been explained before. It shows

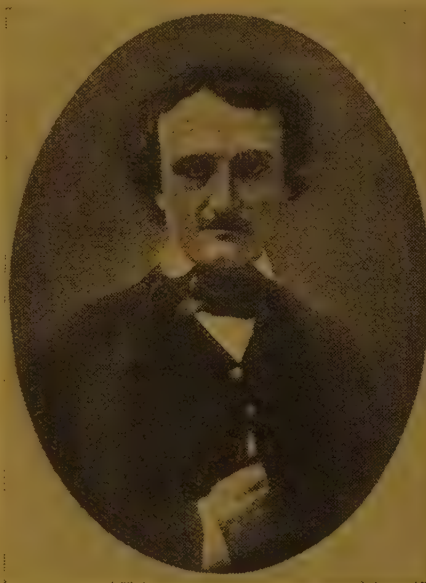
us Poe torn between evil instincts of which he was obscurely aware and an instinctive determination to repress them at all costs—a result which he always achieved, but often at the price of distress to others and disaster to himself. Thus is the main enigma of the sad story of his life solved. Turning to the comments on the works, we find much that is equally illuminating. For the first time, the poem 'Ulalume' is shown to be something more than a rambling dream used as pretext for lovely word-music; and a meaning is revealed in it that has a profound bearing on Poe's psychology. For the first time, too, a similar meaning is brought out of the tale 'The Assignation', which otherwise, as the author points out, would be just a mad tale of passion and poison, not very significant despite its impressive setting and atmosphere. It is true that the method also provides explanations which to many readers will appear unnecessary if not actually preposterous: with regard to 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue', for instance. The author herself is aware of this, but stands her ground undeterred. After all, if we are led, in all fairness, to accept certain contributions of psychoanalysis as valuable, what justification can there be for saying: 'thus far and no farther'? It may seem passing strange that psychoanalysis should trace Poe's amazing capacity for cypher-picking and his inclination to write detective stories (thereby practically creating a new branch of fiction) back to physiological curiosities awakened in babyhood: yet this is but a straightforward application of a general Freudian principle. We must either prove the principle fallacious or leave the matter alone.

But, irrespective of what the book may mean to Freudists or to anti-Freudists, Poe students will acknowledge that it brings much to assist them in their own particular work. As Freud says in his Preface to it, investigations of this kind make no claim to explain creative genius, but show the factors which awakened it, the working materials with which fate has provided it.

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In other words, instead of a free fancy selecting its materials and even its methods by a process of pure æsthetic choice, psychoanalysis shows us fancy bound to work on pre-appointed materials and practically pre-appointed lines. It introduces into literary analysis the old problem, determinism *versus* free-will, which centuries of speculation—and of sophistry too—have failed to solve, but leaves untouched the one mysterious factor which is all important: the individual genius of the creative artist.

M. D. CALVOCORESSI



Edgar Allan Poe

## The Room

I won't deny the room is square and bare,  
and I have closed the door,  
for here is talk incessant. This is where  
tobacco-soiled, familiar as a habit,  
the facts decide, the two and two are four.  
Sometimes I will admit  
to counting play-bricks out upon the floor  
useless to grown-up fingers, unidentified;  
to having sighed for the impatient bowsprit  
shifting with the tide.  
Only the flesh lives here; bone, breast and hair  
give momentary ease.  
As I have said, the room is square and bare.

JOHN PUDNEY



## Can We Conquer War?

Can We Limit War? By Hoffman Nickerson. Arrowsmith. 8s. 6d.

The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War. Edited by Leonard Woolf. Gollancz. 5s.

HOW CAN WE LIMIT WAR; how can we prevent it? Do the two books answer these questions to the satisfaction of the intelligent man? Mr. Hoffman Nickerson and the distinguished group of authors introduced by Mr. Leonard Woolf appear to attack different aspects of the peace problem, which no doubt accounts for their different methods. Mr. Nickerson tells us that war is inevitable because men are imperfect. But it can, in its scope and effect, he says, be limited. In a brilliant series of historical generalisations, from early civilisation to the present time, he identifies the various characteristics, and amongst them the so-called limitations, of war. He shows what political, moral and sociological conditions paralleled these war cycles, how the character of a given war emerged from its own period. We cannot do justice to his brilliant exposition in a few lines, but only narrowly draw attention to his conclusions: Certain periods, mainly those enjoying a strong religious unity, tending to dominate racial and economic differences, enjoyed the maximum limitation of war. Our present era, introduced by the Napoleonic order, with its new conception of mass massacre in war, is one of the worst examples of the 'non-limited' war cycles. This period, associated with the rise of democratic institutions, gives the author his opportunity, one he obviously cherishes, for a fierce attack upon democracy. The whole thing is, of course, a mass of extremely well presented and plausible assumptions. But the intelligent man, setting aside for the moment his own religious or political bias, ignoring perhaps his disadvantage in the historical field in which Mr. Nickerson moves with such ease, would be tempted to ask for the conclusion. He might say: 'Ignoring the historical method, the easy assumption of cause and effect, assuming the historical analysis is unchallengeable, what am I to do?' Here the book is vague. Our age is afflicted with 'ideals which divide men' and 'incompetent military methods'. Upon other ideals and methods 'depends the hope for limiting war'.

*The Intelligent Man's Way to Prevent War*, written by various very intelligent men, should give us clearer guidance. But the title is misleading. The stated object of the book is to put forward 'the whole problem in all its ramifications'. This is attempted in eight sections, apart from the very able introduction by the Editor. The nature of the writers is such, with Sir Norman Angell, Professor Gilbert Murray and Viscount Cecil, that we can be sure that within each section the intelligent man could not have been better served. Sir Norman Angell shows clearly that in terms of any reasoned conception of security, the old configuration of international relationships means anarchy. To move from anarchy to system various steps are required. Professor Gilbert Murray deals with the first, the Revision of the Peace Treaties, in a section which alone justifies the book. Many political types of intelligent men could rally round his expert yet sober treatment. C. M. Lloyd

on Russia and C. Roden Buxton on Inter-Continental Peace deal with two special difficulties which, I agree, must be understood, but I am glad they have not been represented as deadly obstacles. Viscount Cecil firmly establishes the League of Nations or some equivalent organisation as an essential in any progress from anarchy. Mr. Arnold Forster examines the four indispensable roads to peace which must be pursued by such a League, and here we find the first serious reference to disarmament.

Sir Norman Angell's next section on 'Educational and Psychological Factors' makes, as expected, extremely good reading, but I wonder whether the intelligent man needed such an encyclopædic approach. Indeed, Sir Norman freely admits that 'a great deal can be done without having to wait upon changes in the mass mind'. It is this preliminary 'great deal' in which the intelligent man is primarily interested. He may, therefore, be disappointed in turning to Professor Laski's very able last section, 'The Economic Foundations of Peace'. Economic democracy or a 'World Order of Socialist Societies' becomes the main background of peace.

The whole book is of course invaluable, it must be widely read. It is a unique attempt, made possible, presumably, by an unusually public-spirited publisher. But it calls for one serious criticism when measured against its very ambitious purpose. One reads eagerly for some reasoned examination of disarmament. True, the intelligent man is urged to press for 'drastic, progressive, controlled disarmament', but its real function, its organic relationship to the new security, is rather assumed than explained. He is not assisted to build the outlines of a disarmament scheme from first principles, a scheme which he can intellectually respect, a standard against which he can measure the utility or futility of the various official conventions. Yet there is no greater need, not only for the intelligent man, but also for statesmen in their international endeavours, to see and understand a scheme which will work, before entering the vexed field of political compromise. That point, the formulation of a scheme scientifically satisfying the physical requirements of security, honouring the clear principles of the subject, has never been reached in the official disarmament movement. It is one of the main causes of failure. One hoped it would have been dealt with as part of the whole problem of the prevention of war. We read (page 406) 'it is no good laying down rigid absolutely logical conditions for action in such a matter as disarmament'. Maybe you cannot yet enforce them, but it is a vital need to work them out, and know them, for they provide the surest foundation for the diverse efforts of the intelligent man. But for this omission he should be well satisfied with the efforts of Mr. Leonard Woolf and his distinguished collaborators.

V. LEFEBURE

## Back to Hellas

Poems of T. Sturge Moore. Vol. IV. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

OUR GENERATION, if called to account by posterity for its comparative indifference to the poetry of T. Sturge Moore, will have certain excuses to offer, but they will only be excuses. This poet has done nothing to conciliate the reader. He has never spoken in poetry without first putting on his singing robes, and to contemporary eyes their classic folds fall angularly and a little stiffly. He has turned his face resolutely back from the present to the classic past: resolutely rather than in nostalgia, although nostalgia is more than once expressed:

Alas, O Hellas lorn and whist,  
Statues on culminant crags of long  
Nude promontories no more list  
To islands glamorous with song!  
  
Unmatchable Acropolis,  
Thou blossom rooted in mean lanes  
Of small plain homes, can aught that is  
Console us for thy shattered fanes?

Yes, this looking back is not merely a refuge, far less an admission of defeat. Mr. Sturge Moore looks back to Greece because in her legends and in her perfection he sees the key to all our modern discontents. That key lies in the very spirit of man,

and from these ever-youthful sources the spirit of man draws its best nourishment:

To account Psyche's story merely an allegory of the soul's attainment of immortality is to petrify it. . . . Those who relish symbols see their suggestiveness blossom and reblossom. . . . Poetic symbols have frequently succeeded in wedding bliss to the soul. . . . A myth lives and grows for those who kindle at its beauty and do not attempt to confine it to one meaning. . . . Here are inexhaustible opportunities for poetry.

Not all these poems, of course, owe their inspiration to the past. One of the most beautiful was inspired by the dancing of Karsavina and Nijinsky, and many deal with emotions which belong to no particular time or place. Mr. Sturge Moore's diction and rhythm are strongly individual, and the reader who can accustom himself to them will be deeply repaid. When he deals with specific modern themes, the War, the Black and Tan reprisals, etc., this poet is least satisfactory. He does not embarrass us as did Swinburne's poems upon similar themes: but he reminds us of them. Hitherto Mr. Sturge Moore's work has not been easy to come by. This handsome volume completes his collected edition, and makes a *corpus* of poetry which no longer allows any excuse for neglecting the work of one of the most distinguished of living poets.

L. A. G. STRONG



## The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Icaro.** By Lauro de Bosis. With a translation by Ruth Draper. Oxford. 8s. 6d.

IT IS NOW OVER TWO YEARS since Lauro de Bosis made his spectacular flight, scattering anti-Fascist leaflets in hundreds of thousands over Rome. Pursued by Mussolini's fastest machines, he disappeared never to be seen again, but his deed brought him the widest fame, and since then the world has been curious to know more of the man who found it worth dying to accomplish such a flight. In 1931 appeared a little pamphlet in the series 'Italy Today', with a short memoir, extracts from his letters, and translations of the four leaflets he dropped. A translation of *The Story of my Death*, the testament he wrote just before setting off, was also published. And now the Oxford University Press has brought out a fine edition of his verse drama, 'Icaro', with an English translation by Miss Ruth Draper, and an introduction by Professor Gilbert Murray. The poem, which was written in 1927 and won the prize for poetry at the Olympiads in Amsterdam, would have little enough interest for modern readers, in spite of the talent and skill it shows, were it not that de Bosis' subsequent fate has made it seem strangely prophetic, in the way that the last stanza of 'Adonais' seems to contain a prophetic image of Shelley's end, and gives the ideas that inspire it an added significance. It follows the strictest classical models in form, the theme is one of the oldest Greek legends: nothing could be more remote from the aims and methods of modern poetry. Nevertheless there are things in the poem which are extremely actual, and show that de Bosis wished to deal with modern problems under the cloak of his myth. Such are the passages where Icarus expresses his horror that Dædalus should indifferently surrender his new discovery, Iron, to the tyrant Minos, so that it will be used, not for man's liberation, but for his enslavement and destruction. No one can fail to be moved by the character of Icarus, with his eager readiness to risk his life in the first flight ever made by a human being, and his belief that in so doing he may be making possible a freer and happier future for man, when they remember that the ideal of Icarus was the ideal of de Bosis. He was no romantic adventurer, but a clear-headed student of science and philosophy, and a poet who decided that to turn to action was the only way for a man of his convictions—'Poet of words I am no longer; my lyre, behold I break it'.

**Jesus the Unknown.** By D. Merezhkovsky. Cape. 12s. 6d.

The reappearance of Dmitry Sergeyevitch Merezhkovsky as the author of a book that has been considered of sufficient merit to be translated into English, awakens memories of the years immediately preceding the War, when his works were widely read in this country. Those who were once impressed by his novels *The Forerunner* and *The Death of the Gods* will remember him as a religiously-minded Russian novelist. They will not therefore be surprised to find that he has now turned his attention to the Gospels, or that, since he was always a learned novelist, he has, in order to qualify himself for his new work, buried himself in the writings of those technical scholars who, under the influence of the critical movement of the last generation, were vigorously concerned with the interpretation of the New Testament. Nor is it in the least surprising to discover that, as a sensitive Russian novelist, he has found himself unable to breathe in the company of these older critics. In his almost physical discomfort, Merezhkovsky is by no means unique. Indeed, the words which he finds most appropriate to describe the meaning of the Gospels—'unknown', 'hidden', 'secret', 'wondrous', 'dread', 'awe', 'silence'—are words that are pressing their way into the most advanced, ultra-modern, critical work upon the New Testament.

What is the meaning of History? This is, no doubt, everywhere and at all times a very significant question. But, when a man is confronted by the known figure of Jesus of Nazareth, it is a question that becomes almost intolerably acute. The older critics did not, in general, seem to be aware how pressing this question is. Merezhkovsky has, however, seen the problem, and has made it the theme of his book. And, because he has seen the problem, he has found himself listening sympathetically to those strange Agrapha or Sayings which were attributed to Jesus in the second century. Merezhkovsky has collected these Agrapha, and used them for the development of his theme.

*Jesus the Unknown* is a suggestive and, at times, very moving book; and it is well worth reading. But its author stands betwixt and between. He is neither a historian nor has he as yet become a theologian. He must still be read as a novelist; and we also still await the emergence of a popular writer possessed of a proper sense for the meaning of theology. It is precisely books like *Jesus the Unknown* that show how great our need is. Merezhkovsky moves steadily towards the word 'unknown', and, having reached it, flounders, and is finally submerged by it. But the Scriptures,

being in the end theological books, do not flounder. They move on until they make manifest the secret—of God. Merezhkovsky moves, in an opposite direction, and for this reason his book remains an inadequate treatment of the Gospels. The task that lies before our generation is not to move towards the word 'unknown', but from it; and to do so without forgetting, as the older critics did so often forget, that the ways of God are *past finding out*. This is, of course, a paradox; but it is the paradox that lies at the very heart of the Scriptures, and, consequently, at the very centre of our theological understanding of the figure of Jesus of Nazareth.

**Portrait of a Dictator.** By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

Even in the annals of South American despotism it would be hard to find a more monstrous despot than Francisco Solano Lopez, who during the five years of his regime in the 'sixties of the last century reduced Paraguay to a state of desolation from which it has hardly yet recovered. Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who rides full tilt and rough shod over this Lyceum villain, with every pennant of scorn flying, was in the country two years after the events he describes, and he saw the little that was left, after war and massacre, of the most docile, obedient and pacific people in the world. Here was the logic of dictatorship in all its ruthlessness. Lopez, though a monstrous exaggeration of the type, was a dictator true to the habits with which we have since become painfully familiar. He created an immense army far too large for his country. He hungered for war in order to display his military talents. Arrogant in diplomacy and suffering from a Napoleon-complex, he chose the worst moment and the most absurd pretext for his war. He harnessed all to the military machine so that starvation threatened, and when he received defeat after defeat, he accused his generals of conspiracy and executed them wholesale. He had the dictator's megalomania; and not contenting himself with extorting by torture 'confessions' of treason, he fell into the well-known practice of visiting his persecutions on his victims' families, women and children included. There was not an educated family in Paraguay which was not afflicted and many were wiped out altogether. A coward in battle he was ambushed at last in the forest and killed, having abandoned his mistress who with him had lived upon the country as if it were their personal estate. His final infamy was the massacre of the leading citizens of his capital. Already he had signed his mother's death warrant. Lopez, in common with all dictators, hated and feared chiefly the educated, and he chose the short method of exterminating them. He therefore brought about both the spiritual and material ruin of his country, and it is not perhaps so surprising to learn that among the ignorant he is regarded as a great man, and that on the mudbank where he fell like a rat, shouting 'I die with my country', a public monument has been erected to his memory. Mr. Graham's gusto and his power of evoking the scene in all its exotic barbarity, do not fail. Thrown together as the book is with a gay carelessness, it is readable on every page.

**The End of Our Time.** By Nicolas Berdyaev. Sheed and Ward. 6s.

**Christianity and Class War.** By Nicolas Berdyaev. Sheed and Ward. 3s. 6d.

Two more writings of the Russian philosopher, Nicolas Berdyaev, have now been published in English. He writes with the authority of one who has suffered for his faith, and on the whole he writes without the bitterness and certainly without the personal rancour which such an experience is apt to engender. As Berdyaev reads the signs of the times, we are living through the end of the Renaissance. The spirit of the Renaissance is humanism, the spirit which makes man the centre of his own world, which would keep man interested in himself and confident in himself, and which denies any concern with a reality higher than humanity. What we are witnessing and experiencing is 'the destruction of man by himself in consequence of his trust in his own powers'. A civilisation inspired by the humanism of the Renaissance is inevitably decaying. The War itself and post-War revolutions are ominous signs of the recrudescence of barbarism, and we seem destined to enter upon a renewal of the dark ages. The building-up of a new civilisation will depend on the men of faith. 'Christianity is going back to the state she enjoyed before Constantine: she has to undertake the conquest of the world afresh'. The humanism of the Renaissance will not be able to hold its own against the idolatries which men accept today, when they deny or ignore God. For the Marxist, 'class', and for the Fascist, 'nation' or 'race', are the highest realities, and both Marxist and Fascist are prepared to impose their creed by force, and to sacrifice their fellow-men in the process. Class-war,



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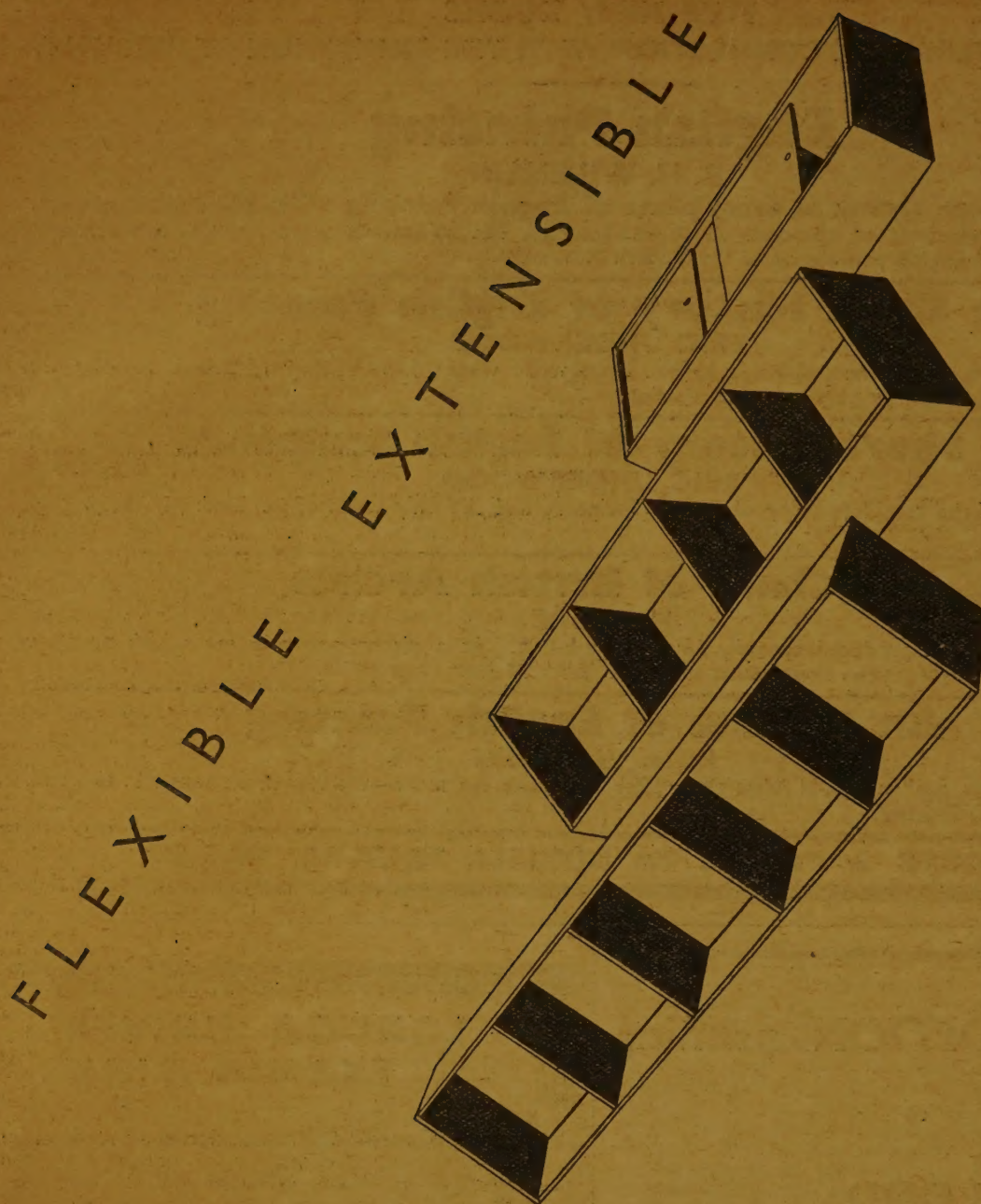
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and the injustice done to the poor under our present system, the Christian should recognise as frankly as the Marxist. But to be obsessed by the class-war and by the hatred and envy which accompany it, is to surrender to the worst form of evil. 'The Russian people . . . are an apocalyptic people and they could not stop short at a compromise, some "humanitarian state": they had to make real either brotherhood in Christ or comradeship in Antichrist. If the one does not reign, the other will. The people of Russia have put this choice before the whole world with awe-inspiring force'.

In England, humanism with a rationalist or positivist basis is still intellectually respectable and even fashionable. Our intelligentsia will probably dismiss Berdyaev as mystical and hysterical. But Berdyaev is really a prophet speaking from a more searching experience than most Englishmen know. In Russia and in Germany humanism has worn very thin. Readers should face the challenge of Berdyaev's interpretation of our age for themselves and not lightly put it on one side. In the earlier dark ages Ireland proved to be a city of refuge, a source of light, the rallying-ground for the forces of a new civilisation. If the dark ages are returning, England might play the same role, if Englishmen can read aright the nature of the crisis.

### Collected Poems. By V. Sackville-West Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.\*

In this well-printed volume Miss Sackville-West has collected her published (and some hitherto unpublished) poems, prophetically labelling them 'Volume One'. They are arranged according to subject: England, Abroad, People, etc. Nearly a third of the book is taken up with 'The Land', the long descriptive poem by which she is deservedly best known and which (unless it be in the briefer, more subjective 'Sissinghurst', written four years later) she has never since quite equalled. There are about a hundred other poems here, ranging from short and charming songs, like those that comprise the deceptively easy series called 'King's Daughter', to such extended narratives as 'Reddin'; but none of them achieves again either the dignity or the passionate authoritativeness of 'The Land'. In exact and informative terms she there set down 'the cycle of my country's year'. Such detailed and accurate account of the many activities that make up the rural seasons has not been written in verse since Clare; but to his vivid knowledge Miss Sackville-West here adds a fine austerity of craftsmanship—blending (as she wrote of the poetry of Alice Meynell) integrity with stratagem. No doubt the passion that informs her descriptions is due to the fact that the poem was written, in happy exile, in Persia; it is the work of one who has seen these things 'not with his eyes but with his vision', one, in fact, who is 'bewitched forever' because the country habit has him by the heart. Nor is 'The Land' rich only in its evocative descriptions: it is equally rich in its incisive portrayal of country characters and of that sturdy ancestry which has made them what they are. With consummate skill she can paint the fritillary:

Sullen and foreign-looking, the snaky flower,  
Scarfed in dull purple, like Egyptian girls  
Camping among the furze, staining the waste  
With foreign colour, sulky, dark, and quaint,  
Dangerous too, as a girl might sidle up,  
An Egyptian girl, with an ancient snaring spell,  
Throwing a net, soft round the limbs and heart,  
Captivity soft and abhorrent, a close-meshed net—

—and she can as well capture in words the spirit of those craftsmen of the countryside who have held

Reality down fluttering to a bench;  
Cut wood to their own purposes; compelled  
The growth of pattern with the patient shuttle;  
Drained acres to a trench.  
Control is theirs. They have ignored the subtle  
Release of spirit from the jail of shape.  
They have been concerned with prison, not escape;  
Pinioned the fact, and let the rest go free,  
And out of need made inadvertent art.

It is in 'The Land', then, that Miss Sackville-West's power has found its finest expression: birth and natural affinity have made her essentially a poet of the English countryside; so that although she may declare in verse her joy of Syria, New England, or Provence, it is really to England, and to Kent in particular, that her heart is always tuned. When she writes of people she is far less successful and her love-poems are by contrast slight and even, at times, adolescent.

### Quaker Ways. By A. Ruth Fry. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

That great humanist, Henry W. Nevinson, writing some years ago about Miss Fry's account of the relief work on the Continent which she so nobly led during and after the War, likened the Society of Friends to a bag of sand, of which each grain is a negligible quantity, yet the whole sack presents a well-nigh irresistible mass. While it is true that the force of Quaker testimonies arises from the fact that they are pressed upon the world at large when the Society as a whole can move forward (in this connection the world has a special need to study the

Quaker method of doing its business by common consent and without majority voting), yet this book shows very clearly that its component 'grains' are often far from negligible. To the outsider, the individual Quaker may seem mainly stiff-necked and obstinate, but as Miss Fry shows in this most readable book—in which, however, we could have done with more of her personal touch and less perhaps of quotation—the Friend is essentially a pioneer. He is not bound by rigid creed, he believes that God has still more light and truth to break forth from His Word, and he interprets the Divine Word as embracing also the whole of nature and its secrets as well as man with his infinite possibilities of good. Thus the Friend is continually being led into new ways and he has pioneered in philanthropy and social reform, in education, and in international relationships, to name only a few. An essential sanity in the Quaker make-up which is willing to subject intuition to processes of reason and to the consideration of his fellows, has in the main led to the avoidance of mere cranky wanderings, while it has at the same time led to the determined following-up of new avenues of truth long before others outside Quaker ranks have recognised them to be such.

If this book fails to be the complete interpretation of Quaker ways which many enquiring minds today would value, it is, nevertheless, a valuable introduction to Quakerism in its pictures of Christianity in action. The portrait gallery, however, is incomplete without those modern figures, which would be evidence that Quakerism is still a living thing and an attitude to God and our fellows which has increasing appeal. Looking backward is a necessary process in education and enlightenment, but seekers today are longing even more for the story of what is being done here and now. There is one to be told, and the road for some tends to be a dead end without it.

### The New Psychology and Religious Experience

By Thomas Hywel Hughes. Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.

Dr. Hywel Hughes' book sets itself a definite problem—that of vindicating the validity of the essential elements in religious experience in face of the attacks which have recently been made by the New Psychology. 'This book', he says in the Preface, 'does not pretend to cover the whole field of the Psychology of Religion. It deals only with those aspects of religious experience on which the New Psychology bears most heavily'. He begins with a clear and comprehensive exposition of the essentials of the Behaviourist School of J. B. Watson, Pavlov and Leuba on the one hand, and of the Psychoanalytic School of Freud and Jung on the other. Behaviourism in its most extreme form eliminates consciousness entirely and attempts to reduce all human behaviour to conditioned reflexes. Dr. Hughes agrees with such writers as McDougall, Drever and William Brown in maintaining that the essential category in psychology is that of purpose activity. 'Purpose activity is a new and additional category and this is *sui generis*'. What Freud and Jung maintain is that religion has its source in the mind's act of projecting its own powers and longings and repressed complexes. The crux of the argument of the whole book is that such a position is untenable and that the necessary limitations of the science of psychology must be recognised. 'When psychology proceeds to explain religion and draw conclusions about the existence of God, or to deal with such problems as immortality, it is simply passing out of its province, and we must say to it, "Hands off"'. Leuba has done great service to the psychological study of religion, but he has tried to make psychology do more than it can do, or was meant to do, when he seeks, on the basis of its conclusions, to determine the question of the validity and the reality of religion, or even the question of its origin'.

In his discussion of Sin and Conscience Dr. Hughes deals with the more recent development of Freud's theory—the distinction between the Id, the Ego, and the Ego-Ideal. One of the most interesting sections of the book is that in which he points out the similarity between the traditional theological doctrine of depravity or original sin and Freud's doctrine of the essential conflict between the Id and the Ego, the Pleasure-principle and the Reality-principle, which rends human nature at its very foundation. The chapter on Conversion includes a discussion of the views of McDougall, Pratt, Starbuck, Thouless, De Sanctis, Jung and Tansley. The author makes effective use of Jung's admission that 'no inferior form of energy can be simply converted into a superior form unless at the same time a source of higher value lends it support'. In many ways the best chapter in the book is that entitled 'The Peace and Power of Religion'. Dr. Hughes enumerates three abiding characteristics of religious experience: (a) the consciousness of peace, (b) the sense of power, (c) the sense of Personal Presence. He argues that Leuba and Jung do not account for such experiences as these. It is true that certain drugs bring a temporary consciousness of peace and of power, but this is invariably followed by exhaustion whilst the power which comes through prayer is permanent and abiding. Religious experience is in its very essence an apprehension of Reality: it is the finding of man by God and of God by man. Psychology is valuable in so far as it throws light upon

\*Also in limited edition of 150 copies, signed by the author, 42s. each



this experience, but it cannot explain it away or provide any substitute for it.

Dr. Hywel Hughes has had a long and varied experience both as preacher and as teacher of theological students. His book is a well-informed and up-to-date survey of the entire field of the New Psychology in its relation to religion. It affords a convincing answer to the challenge which has been issued from this quarter to the validity and objective truth of the beliefs which are involved in religious experience.

**The Ape and the Child.** By W. N. Kellogg and L. A. Kellogg. McGraw-Hill. 12s. 6d.

What will happen if a monkey is brought up from a very early age in an environment entirely human? This is the question which a Professor of Psychology in the University of Indiana and his collaborator, set out to discover, and this book is a detailed account of how it was done. They state that, of course, neither of the writers has so far lost his senses as to suppose that you can make a human being out of an animal. The question was, rather, to what extent were monkeyish forms of behaviour fixed by his ancestral tree, and how far would he learn from his unusual environment? If 'the chimpanzee in the human situation acquired many characteristically human responses, such results would show the importance of the "human" stimuli upon its growth'. To achieve the desired environment, Gua the chimp was brought up with the author's little boy for the space of nine months, the ape being seven months and the child nine months old at the commencement of the experiment. Gua was dressed, fed, and in every single detail treated as though she were a human child; the photographs, of which there are a considerable number, show what an absurd figure a human monkey can present. Now what were the results of this unique experiment? The general conclusions given at the end of the book are somewhat inconclusive, and amount to little more than to say that the ape did in fact learn more, and at surprising speed, than would be expected from the difference in heredity between ape and child. It is not so much the broad results which lend the chief interest to the book, this lies rather in the details and descriptions of the process, such as how Gua learns to eat with a spoon and to open and shut doors. One wonders at the temerity of the experiment in allowing an only child to have as a daily and hourly companion a creature of another world, and wonders what traces will remain in the child's mind for the future. Their first reactions to each other are interesting. We are told that from the first moment there was evidence of curiosity and interest on the part of both, more marked in the case of the child. After a few days, Gua 'extended her lips in a series of exploratory kisses . . . at first he seemed startled but made no avoiding reactions and subsequently cooed his pleasure'. And yet, the first time that the child was shown white rats he yelled, and Gua likewise showed his dislike.

The first chapter has some interesting remarks on those few cases where children have apparently been brought up by animals—the Mowglis of real life. It is hardly likely, however, that we shall ever see an experiment scientifically conducted where a child is put out to nurse with animals; this would be, say the authors, 'both legally dangerous and morally outrageous'; yet psychologists of the future may do strange things.

**The Progress of Man.** By A. M. Hocart  
Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Hocart has supplied the growing number of amateur followers of anthropology with a brief survey 'of all that is talked about' by the specialists in that sphere. By 'anthropology'—a term of many usages—he means 'the study of human evolution'. That it is a science he has no doubt, and he claims further that it performs the original function of true history, the recording of 'habitual actions, that is customs'. Certainly if there is to be such a thing as scientific history, it will probably be according to this pattern. The pattern may be explained as follows: The present is to be thought of as the existing 'condition' of mankind. The consideration of a 'condition' leads to the concept of 'things undergoing change', i.e., institutions, customs, arts, ideas. Thus the evolution of man is told in terms of the growth of such things. Now the pattern of classical history is dramatic and æsthetic, not scientific. It starts from a 'situation' rather than a condition, and then follows out the steps through which that situation has come into existence. This leads to a consideration of human motive, and the imaginative reconstruction of character. Classical narrative history, as founded by the Greeks, is therefore really an art. Mr. Hocart's work is a revolt against this conception of history. That is its first point of interest. Its second is that it really does order and clarify vast quantities of material. This has been possible because the writer has avoided controversial theories and based his work upon a few broad assumptions. He is committed to the diffusionist theory of culture ('diffusion is merely imitation between adults of different lineages'), to the view that culture is one indissoluble whole ('caste, ritual, trade, manufacture, agriculture are all interwoven and cannot be separated'), and lastly to the functionalist view of culture as 'a

social production for the purposes of action'. It is this last view that to readers of Tyler and Frazer will seem most strange. For example, religion is here treated purely as ritual, action with a purpose, the purpose being 'generally life in the widest sense'. 'Each ritual has as its object the increase of a particular source of life, or aid to living', such as food or rain. But the assumption provides a common basis for all religious practices, even those of the Catholic faith. For Mr. Hocart, the scientist who confines himself entirely within the field of pre-history is merely an antiquarian, not an anthropologist. 'It is only by studying the results of the past as we see them in the present that we can hope to become in some degree masters of our destiny'. This is a view of history shared by Marxians, and we are left with the assumption that not the least important function of scientific history should be prophecy.

**Harlequin Sheridan: The Man and the Legends**  
By R. Crompton Rhodes. Blackwell. 12s. 6d.

Mr. R. Crompton Rhodes has already put us in his debt by his edition of Sheridan's *Plays* and *Poems*. Now he follows this with a biography of Sheridan that will stand as a permanent contribution to our knowledge of that fascinating character. Mr. Rhodes emphasises in his title the paradox of Sheridan's career, which never managed to resolve the disharmony between Covent Garden and Westminster. Sheridan despised the art which first made him famous, and he was ashamed of the fact that he drew from the stage the income which enabled him to enter the world of politics. Like Congreve, no doubt like Shakespeare too, Sheridan wished to be a gentleman, and a connection with the theatre was still an indifferent passport to gentility. Yet the real tragedy of Sheridan's career did not lie in any supposed incompatibility of this kind. Mr. Rhodes, who in his judgments shows an independence that Sheridan would have approved, does not subscribe to the view that he wasted his life by entering the House of Commons, calling this 'a purely literary prejudice'. The waste was elsewhere. Lord Eldon quoted Dr. Johnson on Savage against him. 'Negligence and irregularity, long continued, make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible'. Yet this was only after he had from his seat on the bench passed 'a high eulogium' on Sheridan and given judgment in the sense for which Sheridan had pleaded in person against the whole Chancery bar that had been briefed on the other side.

Not that Mr. Rhodes sits in judgment. He is too good a literary craftsman for that. His method is to produce evidence, to let events speak for themselves and neither to palliate nor condemn. Nothing indeed could be more effective than the contrast between the exuberant and sanguine temperament of his subject and the dispassionate calm with which he follows the vicissitudes of Sheridan's career. This closed in something like abject poverty. Money had always been his enemy. Though Sheridan declared that the disadvantage from which he suffered was to have possessed 'an uncertain and fluctuating income', it is probable that no fortune could have resisted his magnificent extravagance. And it was on a question of money that the friendship between him and the Prince Regent finally broke—a matter in which Mr. Rhodes is able to show that the Prince was not to blame. Even in death the discord in Sheridan's career was unresolved. He was buried in Poets' Corner when he would have liked to be placed near Fox.

Every detail in this volume is worthy of its subject. The illustrations are admirably chosen. There is a valuable bibliography and the index is singularly complete.

**On the Road in Madagascar.** By A. M. Chirgwin  
S.C.M. Press. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Chirgwin is the Secretary of the London Missionary Society, and spent a full year or more in visiting and encouraging its stations and churches in South and Central Africa, then those in Madagascar. On his arrival there he struck overland to the capital, the beginning of some thousands of miles of travel, for Madagascar is over 1,000 miles long and 150 miles broad (five times the area of England and Wales), with a population of 4,000,000. The author was met by the British Consul, and set on his expedition, in the valleys, through the forests, over 5,000-ft. hills. From the capital, Antananarivo, Mr. Chirgwin went first south, in a filanjana—a chair on two long rods, carried by four men—ten, twelve or fifteen hours, over streams—waist-deep, through gorges and on edges of deep chasms. He met with requests in remote places to 'start a church', and make a religious centre; 'we need your help'. He found the natives eager for enlightenment; he stayed in various centres, examining all conditions and requirements. He tells of large congregations, of people with eager enthusiasm; remarkable communion services; the people's anxiety to see to the missionary's personal welfare in their strange land; and gives an account of the conversion of a witch-doctor, who afterwards showed the soundness of his new faith. After his southern expedition, the author went north, to see further successes, a Malagasy Protestant Church in full work; hostels for boys and girls; leper homes; besides all the zeal of the workers, week by week.